

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

FOR ALL THE FAMILY

THE BEST OF
AMERICAN LIFE
IN FICTION FACT
AND COMMENT

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TIN SOLDIERS



SAM MARTIN had taken a strong dislike to the troop. Now, Sam was positive in his likes and dislikes and, moreover, did not hesitate to say what he thought. "Tin soldiers," he called them, "getting three squares a day and pay for a vacation down in God's country"—which he firmly believed Arizona to be.

The troop disagreed with him about the character of the country. Indeed under an August sun and with a wind from the Gulf smothering man and horse in alkali-sand dust it more nearly agreed with their conception of quite a different region. As to his distaste for them—well, there was a reason for that, and they forgave him.

The soldiers had hurt Martin in his most vulnerable spot, his pride. On one of its patrols down to the border the troop had happened on a round-up and branding of calves. Martin, who was the bright light of the Homestead Ranch outfit, had been weaving in and out among distressed mothers and frantic offspring, roping and dragging the calves from the milling cattle. He caught a tartar in a big calf. He had worked the panic-stricken animal to the edge of the herd, and there it made a dash for liberty. Martin had the rope round the horn of his saddle and reined his horse back to check the flight. The pony held, and so did the rope, but the cinch, which was a bit worn, gave way, and saddle and horse parted company. As for Martin, he fell picturesquely with his feet in the air, and the calf ran away with his saddle. The accident was too much for the troop; the men howled with mirth. But Martin failed to see the joke. He picked himself up scowling and stalked away.

A week later Martin met Sergeant Tilden at the company store. The cowboy had ridden over on some errand for the ranch and, leaning on the



His face was set, but no fear showed in it

counter, was talking with Brady, the storekeeper, when the sergeant came in for the mail. Tilden, who was from the East, grinned amiably at Martin and asked after the calf.

"I got him and branded him," retorted Martin, "and I can do the same to any tin soldier that gets fresh with me!"

Tilden was not a fighting man if he was a soldier—not with his fists, at least. But no soldier likes the prefix "tin," and he lost his temper and called Martin a "sorehead." That was all the excuse Martin needed. He was a bigger man than the sergeant and was a rough-and-tumble fighter.

When Brady at last succeeded in pulling the two apart the sergeant was well decorated with two fast-darkening eyes and a swelling lip and seemed anxious to get more punishment from the cowboy, but Brady managed to keep them apart. "You get along now, Sam," the storekeeper commanded, backing the sergeant into a corner.

"Reckon I'd better," retorted Martin. "If I stayed any longer, I might hurt the tin soldier!" And he mounted and rode off.

As for Tilden, he took the scars of battle back to camp and received worse punishment there than he had received at the hands of Martin. His fellow sergeants "rode" him unmercifully until they had wormed the facts from him, and then they concluded that the honor of the troop was at stake and vowed vengeance on the cowboy.

To Tilden's great relief he was sent off the next morning with a squad of men on a three-day patrol along the border. The troop was guarding the international line,



if a weekly patrol of nearly a hundred miles of mountains, cañons and desert can be called guarding it. Tilden's detail had the western half of the line.

They made camp the first night thirty miles from home and the following day went twenty miles more and back without seeing any signs that the uncertain neighbors were doing other than behaving themselves properly. The third day they set out for home, following the trail along the border for some two thirds of the distance, then branching north toward camp, which was a dozen miles from the line. That stretch of the ride was over the range of the Homestead Ranch, which boasted more land than some counties boast back East. And it was needed, for only at a distance did the hillsides seem to bear grass at all, so far apart were the tufts. Down in the bottoms the streams, brought to life by the wet season, were dwindling daily.

It was in the late afternoon when the detail had turned north that Tilden realized that all was not as it should be. They had circled round a mountain on a trail scarcely wide enough for one horse and had come out on the farther side overlooking a cañonlike valley through which ran a sizable stream bordered by stunted oaks and huge cottonwoods. It was a favorite feeding place for the Homestead herds, this valley, which from a narrow cañon some miles to the north widened and ended on flat lands to the south.

The sergeant at the head of his detail saw dust rising in a dun cloud from the bottom and bursting out in new patches along the valley. That dust meant the rapid advance

By
Edwin Cole

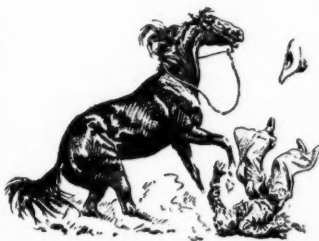


of a body of cattle or horses. Tilden knew they must be Homestead Ranch animals, and he was curious to discover why they were hurrying toward the barbed wire that marked the border a mile or two away instead of toward home. He ordered his men to dismount, concealed the horses in a near-by arroyo and waited in the cover of a mesquite thicket. Nor had he long to wait, for soon the leaders of the herd came into view, forced into a lumbering run by the dense mass of cattle that was crowding them from the rear.

For a moment the sergeant was tempted to mount and try to stem the stampede, but now he made out the head and shoulders of a rider weaving swiftly through the forerunners to the head of the column. A glance at the tall crown of his sombrero told him that the man was a Mexican. Still the sergeant hesitated. He knew there were several friendly Mexicans in the employ of the Homestead Ranch. He had reason to know too that the cowboys would resent unnecessary intervention on the part of the troop.

The rider distanced the foremost of the running cattle and disappeared down the valley. Behind him the stream of animals thickened and widened. Outriders, flanking the herd, emerged from the dust and chased the cattle from the occasional arroyos that opened into the cañon. They too were Mexicans. The affair began to look like a raid.

The head of the column had passed the thicket that concealed the troopers and their mounts, and the sergeant had decided that it was time to inquire into the matter, when a band of horsemen took form in the cloud of alkali dust at the rear. Then the sergeant's heart sank. There were at least a hundred of them—and he had only eight men. Nevertheless he ordered them to



DRAWINGS BY
ROONEY THOMSON

take prone positions and get their rifles ready. They would give the raiders a warm reception when they drew abreast even if it was too late to stop the stampede.

On came the raiders, and the soldiers' forefingers itched on the triggers. And then in the midst of the band appeared the bulky figure of a "white man." His hat was off, and his red-yellow hair was streaming. He rode with his arms behind him. Round his neck was the loop of a lariat; the other end led to the saddle of a Mexican who rode beside him. Even at that distance—a few hundred yards—there was no mistaking the large figure and blond hair of Martin. His face was set, but no fear showed in it. He appeared a Gulliver among Lilliputians, overcome by sheer numbers but still proud of his race. All the antipathy that the sergeant had for the man—and it was considerable—died at sight of his bearing.

A trooper spoke beside him: "The greasers have got Martin. Shall we open up on them, sarge?"

"No; wait for orders."

And they waited. The raiders drew abreast, taunting the cow-puncher; there was elation in their faces. The raid had been easy, and the border was only a mile away.

The troopers glanced at one another and at the sergeant. Why didn't he give the command to open fire? Some no doubt were thinking of his fight with the rancher. Could it be that he lacked courage or, worse than that, that he held such a grudge against Martin that he would not try to save him now?

They did not remain in doubt long. The sergeant had been cudgeling his brains for a way to accomplish by ruse what he could not accomplish by force, and he believed he had found it. The raiders probably would have a rear guard; if so, he might make use of it.

When the horsemen disappeared in their own cloud of dust down the valley the sergeant acted. "Two of you men stand by the horses; the others follow me." He stepped out into the valley bottom and, followed by six of his troopers, made for a mesquite thicket near the center. They had hardly gained the shelter of it when the sound of swiftly running horses came from up the valley.

"Don't shoot until I give orders," the sergeant ordered shortly.

Down the cañon came two Mexicans riding with free reins.

"Now," said the sergeant, "hold them up. No shooting, mind you!"

He stepped from the thicket into the path of the on-coming riders, and behind him his men tumbled out with leveled rifles. Tilden held up his hand. Desperately the riders looked to right and left. They could not get by without being shot, and for the best of reasons they dared not turn back. They pulled their animals down to a halt a few paces away. The sergeant motioned them to dismount, which they did with alacrity.

"Off with their chaps and shirts, men," said Tilden shortly.

With astonished glances his troopers obeyed him.

"Now tie them up and leave them in the thicket." The sergeant picked out a slender young trooper. "You and I will be the rear guard of these raiders, Hilton," he said. "Pull that shirt over your olive drab and climb into those chaps."

Satisfied that there were no more raiders coming, the sergeant sent one trooper post-haste up the valley to give the alarm. He and Hilton got into the raiders' "chaps" and shirts and, capped by the tall sombreros, climbed into the huge Mexican saddles. The remaining troopers under the leadership of their corporal had orders to follow, keeping them in sight but keeping out of sight of the main body of raiders. Then Tilden and his companion spurred on down the valley.

The scheme had flashed into the sergeant's mind when he saw the hopelessness of attacking the raiders. After all, a few stolen cattle more or less did not matter, but Martin's life did matter and must be preserved.

Night was descending on the cañon. Shadows from the western mountains stretched across it. The gorgeous hues of an Arizona sunset, which seemed to reflect the bloodshed of the borderland, were fading. The swiftly riding pair presently picked up the dust of the main body ahead and then rode at a respectful distance behind. Once a solitary horseman dropped back and watched them, but the sergeant waved assurance, and the scout rode back into the dust cloud.

Then night shut down with the abruptness of the semi-tropics. The barbed wire of the border, unceremoniously cut by the raiders, had long since been left behind. The two troopers were in Mexico, where they had been officially forbidden to go; they were following the wolf into his lair. It was foolhardy and against orders, yet there was the life of Martin at stake. The sergeant knew that success would bring forgiveness; as for failure—well, forgiveness would not be needed in that case.

"We'll close in now, Hilton," he said. "They won't recognize us in the dark—unless we open our mouths."

They came unexpectedly upon the main body of raiders, who had halted for supper. A fire blazed in a box cañon hidden from the main trail, and the appetizing smell of broiling meat came to the troopers' nostrils. Apparently, now that the raiders were well within the boundaries of their own country, their fear of pursuit had vanished. The two troopers walked their mounts into camp and unnoticed dismounted among the horses.

After whispering instructions to Hilton to stand by the horses, the sergeant mingled with the raiders round the fire; he was careful to keep far enough away from the light so that no one should see his face.

Elation was the keynote of the camp. There were much laughter and passing of canteens, which apparently held something stronger than water.

A performance of some kind was going on in the firelight, hidden from the sergeant's view by the Mexicans between him and the object of their mirth. He ventured to crowd in closer.

Then he saw, and his blood curdled. On the sand before the fire lay the figure of the big cowboy. A lariat was fast round his wrists, and another bound his ankles. Willing hands drew them taut, and as the trooper peered over the shoulders of a squat Mexican before him he saw the big body lifted from the ground and swayed back and forth over the blazing fire of greasewood.

The sergeant's hands clenched at his sides. Every instinct urged him to take summary vengeance on these savages even if he should lose his life the next moment. Outside his stolen "chaps" was slung the holster of one of his captives, and into it was thrust a rusty revolver of doubtful dependability, but inside his "chaps" hung his army automatic. He reached for it, but the raiders' instinct for cruelty gave way in a few moments to the more rational instinct of hunger. They tossed Martin aside with no gentle heave and gathered about the fire to pluck half-broiled, half-burnt strips of beef from before it.

Glimpsing the cowman curling in agony on the sand, the sergeant had a fleeting vision of that other day when his cinch strap had broken and the calf had bolted with the saddle. And with the vision came another vision, heaven-sent, of action that might help them out of the seemingly hopeless predicament. The sergeant slunk back in the shadows where Hilton, standing among the horses, held their captured ponies. In brief he told the young trooper what he had seen and his scheme for rescue. They edged the ponies in nearer the fire. No one seemed to notice; the last thought of the raiders would be that spies were among them. Then the sergeant took the two lariats from the saddles. He made fast the end of each to a saddle ring in each saddle and with the loose ends in hand strolled back toward the fire.

The raiders were "wolfing" their meat now and putting more to broil. Martin lay motionless in the sand a rod back from the blaze; no one in particular seemed to be guarding him. The thin lines of the lariats trailed away from his hands and feet. The raiders walked about him, careless whether they trod on him or not. The sergeant lurched by and caught up the lariat that bound Martin's feet. Deliberately he strolled on, letting the rope slip through his fingers until he came to the end of it. Then he quietly knotted it to the two ends of the lariats that were fast to the ponies. Dragging the cowboy feet first would be rough treatment, but it would be nothing to what he would otherwise receive. At any rate the valley bottom was sandy and free from rocks.

The sergeant made his way casually back to Hilton. "All right so far," he whispered. "We'll mount up, shoot into those greasers and then make off up the valley. Yell like a white man and shoot when I do. When we run into our own men we'll make a stand."

The greasers may think the troop is on them and break and beat it farther into Mexico."

With tense nerves the two mounted. "Now!" said the sergeant.

The big forty-fives split the quiet night, and the two troopers yelled with the vigor of a dozen men.

The effect was magical. Cries of pain and fear and confusion came from all sides, and there was a rush for the horses.

"Now light out!" said the sergeant.

The light ponies started and then settled back as they felt the weight of the big cowman.

"Give 'em the spurs!" cried the sergeant.

The animals leaped forward, one staggering as it got the full burden, and then the other as the weight shifted, but always the inert burden came on. Scattered shots sounded behind them. Then a voice ahead shouted: "Is that you, sergeant?" It was the squad.

"Hurray!" shouted Tilden. "Open up on those greasers behind!" And he threw himself from his horse.

The ruse had worked! The raiders still had their stolen cattle and showed no disposition to inquire how many men were behind those fast-working rifles. When the sound of their rout died away the sergeant gave the order to cease firing.

Then they turned their attention to poor

Martin. He lay motionless, a dark bulky figure in the sand, as the sergeant bent over him.

"Strike a light, some one," said Tilden.

A match flared presently and revealed the dusty figure. The face was battered and grimy under the thatch of unkempt hair, but the big cowboy was far from being dead. His eyes were open, and he was staring in amazement at the disguised sergeant and at the olive drab of his detail.

"You're safe, Martin," the sergeant reassured him. "We snaked you out from under their noses at the end of a lariat."

A ghastly grin appeared on the man's lips. "I reckon I remember that part of it, though I didn't figure any friend was doing it," Martin managed to say. "Who are you anyhow?" he demanded, still puzzled.

Tilden pulled off the big sombrero and disclosed his face with the marks of Martin's fists still visible.

"Well—well—you—" The cowman halted for sheer lack of words.

Tilden grinned cheerfully. "I guess we're even now," he said.

They cut the thongs that bound the big man and got him on one of the captured ponies.

"And I called 'em tin soldiers!" he muttered, as they rode homeward up the cañon.

SARAH'S DAKIN

By Mabel L. Robinson



His mouth opened in a wide panting "smile"

"DAKIN! Dakin! you walk yourself out from behind that lilac bush!"

The lilac bush trembled a moment; then a collie's head thrust itself inquiringly toward the kitchen door from which the voice came.

"Now, Dakin!" The premonitory tones became reproachful. "What have I told you about chasing that cat? You walk yourself right up to this step!"

Dakin cast a backward look into the bushes and emerged a few inches at a time until he was clear of shelter; then he sat down. The girl at the door shook the soap-suds from her fingers and started toward him. Her red head bobbed fiercely at him, and her blue-green eyes seemed to shoot sparks. But the dog was in no wise alarmed. As she approached he lifted a dusty paw and presented it to her.

"No!" she said sternly. "I won't shake hands with you! I've told you you must not chase that cat! What do you mean by such actions?"

Dakin set down the paw and offered the other. His brown eyes met the sparkling ones equably; his mouth opened in a wide panting "smile."

Sarah capitulated. "Now, Dakin," she reasoned, pumping his paw up and down, "see if you can't remember to let Bobby's cat alone. Goodness knows it has enough to bother it just being his cat! You ought to be so thankful at what you escaped that you'd mind every word I say."

"Is that so!" came a voice from the porch step, and Sarah Thurston and Dakin turned to see Bobby watching them. Her grin vanished. Dakin stiffened.

"Yes, that's so," replied Sarah. "If you hadn't mauled him so badly when he was a puppy last summer, your mother would never have given him to me. He'd have died if you'd been allowed to keep him!"

"He was no good anyway," scoffed the boy. The sparks flew back into Sarah's eyes. She glanced scornfully at the boy on the step.

"No good," she jeered. "P'raps he was no good when you had him. But if there's a handsomer collie now this side of Whiteville, you'll have to show him to me. Speaking of shows," she added as a parting shot, "I bet he'd take a prize at any show."

"Sarah!" called a voice from the house. "Sarah! Suppose you finish these dishes and stop quarreling with Robert."

Sarah's clear skin turned scarlet up to her eyes.

"Sorry, Mis' Dakin," she mumbled, dashing back to the sink. "Dakin was chasing your cat." She glanced under her eyelashes at the gentle-faced little woman who was trying ineffectively to put the kitchen to rights. "You just leave things alone, Mis' Dakin," she reassured her. "I'll settle the kitchen into apple-pie order before I go home."

Mrs. Dakin picked up a pair of boys' boots drying under the stove and set them down again. "All right, Sarah, I wish you would. I've got friends coming in this afternoon, and Bobby does upset the place so—" Her voice trailed after her as she disappeared into the front of the house.

Sarah sighed. "Poor Mis' Dakin! I most wished I hadn't named Dakin after her, even if she did give him to me." She stepped to the window. "But, my goodness, Dakin—"

The dog after a backward glance at the kitchen window had inserted himself into the lilac bush again, and only his white-tipped plume waving at the cat betrayed his presence. Bobby still sat on the step. "Sick him!" she heard him whisper slyly. "Sick him!"

"Miserable little fat worm! Seems sometimes as if there wasn't any good in that boy. Well, there's nothing for me to do but hurry up and get back home with Dakin. Wonder if Mis' Dakin will remember that this is my day to be paid off."

An hour later Sarah with a dollar and a half—her week's wages—stepped out of a spotless kitchen into the hot July sunshine. Dakin was stretched in sleepy comfort by the lilac bush, where he could hold the cat imprisoned and take a nap at the same time. Bobby sat on the step watching him. As Sarah whistled and the big dog stretched himself the boy turned his small greedy eyes in her direction.

"So you think your old dog would take a prize, do you, Sadie?" He knew Sarah hated the nickname.

"Yes, I do," replied Sarah angrily, "and if I had time, I'd enter him next week at the fair just to prove it to you. But I have work to do!" And she marched righteously down the path.

She turned her head to see how Bobby took her shot at his laziness, and just then

the cat, scrawny and yellow, crawled furtively out of the bushes. With an unexpectedly quick motion Bobby reached forward and pulled her tail.

"Bobby Dakin!" Sarah whirled. "You let that cat alone!"

Bobby grinned and disappeared into the house. Sarah turned with an indignant snort to find Dakin, a little puzzled, offering her his ingratiating paw. "Oh, no, Dakin," she explained. "I wasn't talking to you then. But I'm glad you remember what I said. Yes, you're a good dog." She set his paw down, and the two took up their march again.

"I would enter you, Dakin," she went on, "and you would take a prize, 'cause you'd be the only real collie there—nothing but shepherd dogs in this county. And that's not the only reason either," she finished, lest she hurt the dog's feelings. "You're the handsomest dog in the world, and you've got a pedigree."

Dakin wagged an appreciative tail and sniffed at the tin pail of scraps that Sarah was always allowed to carry home for him. "No, sir! Not till dinner time." Sarah drew one small scrap from the pail. "Except just this to stay your stomach."

Dakin, whose stomach was always stayed at exactly that point, swallowed the offering with a gulp, and they trudged on down the dusty road.

As they entered the weather-beaten little farmhouse Sarah looked longingly at the rocker on the porch and then at the clock. She rolled up her sleeves again. "Got to hurry," she said, "or pa will be in from haying and find no dinner."

But when Mr. Thurston came in, hot and tired, he found his dinner all ready in the shady, cool dining room, and, if Sarah felt hot and tired too, she didn't mention it. Dakin lay under the table, satisfied and asleep after his dinner of scraps. Mr. Thurston rubbed his foot along the dog's back as he pulled up his chair. "He's a sight of company for you, ain't he?" he remarked.

Sarah nodded. She remembered how terribly empty and lonely the place had felt right after her mother's death. That was when Mrs. Dakin had given her the puppy—she was kind! Sarah's keen young face softened. "Yes, pa. I don't know what I'd do without him."

The two exchanged wistful smiles. They understood each other perfectly, although they never discussed their emotions.

When dinner was over pa stretched out on the sofa for a while before his return to the hayfield. His eyes followed Sarah as she deftly piled the dishes, cleared the table and set the room in order. "You're right smart for your age, Sarah," he volunteered. Then, encouraged by the glow on her face, "Tain't many girls could keep house like this—and wash dishes for the Dakins too."

Sarah's shining eyes and bright hair seemed to light the darkened room like a flame.

"Was wondering," he went on, finding enjoyment in her pleasure, "was wondering if you'd like to take in the county fair next week. Haying will be over."

"O pa!" Sarah sat down with the pie plate in her lap and after a breathless moment could only repeat, "O pa!"

"Well," he pulled himself up slowly from the sofa. "Well, I guess that's settled then."

But Sarah's mind, which worked even faster than her fingers, had leaped past simply going to the fair and was making rapid arrangements for Dakin. "Pa, as long as we're going let's enter Dakin. It's a twenty-five-dollar prize, and he'd get it sure. And then we could buy the silo—" Her tongue ran on with a dozen details.

Her father pulled on his big haymaker's hat. "All right, go on," he said, grinning. "But he's your dog, and the money would be yours."

"No, sir!" Sarah called after him. "I have my dish-pan wages. This goes toward the silo."

Mr. Thurston looked back at the vivid little figure in the dark doorway. "Guess I won't order the silo just yet," he said teasingly.

Next morning Sarah flaunted like a poppy into Bobby's slow vision. "You'll see," she cried. "He'll get a blue ribbon, and not only that,—her pause was impressive, for she knew how covetous Bobby was,—not only that, but he'll get twenty-five dollars in good hard money!"

Sarah hurried through her dishes, whistling softly under her breath as she thought of Dakin and planned her letter of application to the county fair committee. She finished sweeping the floor and was casting



Bobby was making a very rapid entry

an appraising eye round the neat kitchen when Mrs. Dakin hurried in.

"Sarah!" she cried rather breathlessly. "My husband has just written me that he will make his route through the White Mountains next week. He has to stop at all the big hotels for orders, so I always go with him on that trip. I shall leave here on the afternoon boat—" She broke off, looking helplessly at Sarah.

"Yes, Mis' Dakin," Sarah reassured her, "and Bobby will stay up at Gilmore's same as always, and I'll run up every morning to dust and see that everything's all right."

"Oh, will you, Sarah? Then I can go without any worries." Her mouth drooped. "I do need a change."

"Poor thing," thought Sarah. "Should think she would need a change—from that Bobby!" Then she said aloud, "Of course you needn't worry a mite. I'll see to everything, and Bobby likes it at Gilmore's—"

The door slammed, and Bobby slumped into the chair by the window. "Is that so?" he remarked and then went on casually, "You might as well leave that dog here today. I've got to get him ready."

"You don't say so!" said Sarah. "Ready for what?"

"Ready for the fair," Bobby was eying his mother.

"Thanks," said Sarah dryly. "I guess I can get him ready."

"Well, now, Robert," said Mrs. Dakin,—Bobby had told her of the prize,—"that's very sweet of you to think of helping Sarah out."

"Wasn't helping her out," grunted Bobby. "I'm going to enter the dog myself."

"You don't say so!" repeated Sarah, and dangerous glints showed in her eyes. "I thought he belonged to me."

"Pooh!" Bobby got up and slouched toward the door. "You may have been boarding him for me, but he's my dog."

The scene that followed always made Sarah a little sick to remember—Bobby's bluster, his mother's distracted pleading, his threat to accompany her if she opposed him and at last Mrs. Dakin in tears beside the table, hopeless, helpless. Sarah remembered how kind she had always been to her; she felt as if she were defrauding her good friend of a promised treat.

"All right, Mis' Dakin," she said, and her voice sounded hard in spite of herself. "Bobby may enter him. You go on your trip. But he's my dog, isn't he, Mis' Dakin?"

"Of course, of course," Mrs. Dakin was almost cheerful again and soon was reabsorbed in her plans.

"And he stays with me till the fair and comes home as soon as it's over," stipulated Sarah.

"Of course, of course," Mrs. Dakin vanished up the back stairs.

"Guess not," said Bobby. "I got Ed Gilmore to take him over to his place in his car while you were washing dishes." His malicious grin darkened into a threatening frown. "And you keep still about it," he added, "or I'll fix that trip of mother's."

Sarah was white round the lips. She knew

that the most Mrs. Dakin could do would be to extract a promise from Bobby to go after the dog, and she knew how little good that would do. She reached for her hat, walked past Bobby and went off down the dusty road alone.

During the next week black loneliness wrapped itself more and more closely about Sarah. Days when she thought she could not bear it she even started up the road toward the Gilmore's seven miles away only to remember her promise to Mrs. Dakin and turn back. Dakin had been so much a part of her days! She missed his eager head by her side, waiting for the batter left in the cake bowl; she missed his gay escort to the garden when she went after the vegetables for dinner. The walk up to the empty Dakin house each day was torture. "If only I hadn't talked so foolish about him," she would reflect bitterly, "he would be here now! It's all my fault." She let her father open the porch door mornings. Formerly Dakin's glad rush at her had made the days begin right; now the porch was quiet, and Dakin's rug had no scratched-up corners where he had made his bed. "Ed Gilmore will see that he's well taken care of," she comforted herself. But she could not rid herself of the persistent thought that Dakin would not return when the fair was over. "Bobby can make his mother let him keep the dog, and once he gets a twenty-five-dollar prize for him he will never let him go."

Sarah and her father talked about the matter every night after supper while they sat on the porch in the cool of the evening. "We owe a lot to Mrs. Dakin," he would say, "and you were right, Sarah, to fix it so she could have her trip." Then he would always come to the optimistic conclusion, "I guess it'll be all right when she gets back."

"I guess it won't," thought Sarah darkly, though she kept her doubts to herself.

A few days before the fair she received a note from Ed Gilmore asking her to mail the record of Dakin's pedigree—Mrs. Dakin had given it to her with the dog.

"Ed has no idea how Bobby got him away from me," she thought, thrusting the paper into the inclosed envelope. Usually she liked

to pore over Dakin's forbears, but today her pride in him only hurt her the more. "My soul!" she cried desperately. "It isn't right a dog should make you feel so bad! And now pa wants to go to the fair just the same. I don't know what I'm going to do!"

What she did was to wash and iron her jade-green dress, which Mrs. Dakin had given her, tie up her red-gold hair with ribbons that matched it and appear before her father the morning of the fair as fresh as if she had never known a trouble.

"They'll have a nice time showing Dakin once he gets his eye on me," she thought, taking a certain amount of pleasure from the assurance.

Her prophecy was right. No sooner did Sarah's slim green figure appear in the dog section than a jubilee of barks and yelps arose to the roof.

"He's as lonesome as I am," she swallowed a lump in her throat as she hurried toward the racket.

Bobby stood beside Dakin's bench, trying to restrain him. Sarah thought the boy looked a little worried.

"For Pete's sake, Sarah," he cried, "come and make this dog keep quiet for five minutes. He hasn't stopped yelling for a week."

But his command was unnecessary. Dakin had sunk his homesick head into Sarah's shoulder and was whimpering softly like a forlorn baby. Sarah's eyes were wet when she lifted her face from his sleek head. "My, he does look nice!" she thought. "Ed took good care of him!"

Comforting, soothing, cajoling, she finally persuaded Dakin to lie down, and with his head resting across her lap as she sat on a box beside him the tired dog fell asleep.

"Howls all night," growled Bobby. "No wonder he wants a nap!"

"Guess I'll stay awhile with Dakin," said Sarah. "You come back, pa, when they judge the dogs."

Mr. Thurston frowned thoughtfully at the group. "All right, Sarah," he said at last. "Say, Bobby, don't you want I should show you the new breed of pigs our country has produced? Great stock, they say."

Bobby looked up, relieved. "Sure," he agreed; "glad to rest my ears from this racket." But—he turned suspiciously to Sarah—"don't you play any tricks with my dog. He's going to be judged in an hour—" "Now, now," interrupted Mr. Thurston gently, "did you ever know my girl to play mean tricks? She's a pretty good sport, she is," and he smiled down on the shining braid bent over the dog's sleeping head.

Bobby looked a bit uncomfortable. Then, "Oh, well, you know—girls!" And he joined Mr. Thurston as man to man, able and willing to help him judge the merits of pigs.

Left alone with Dakin, Sarah sat up and began to examine the other dogs in the section, a few Newfoundlands, some shepherd dogs, a good many hounds and two rather snub-nosed collies. It was not much of an assortment, for this was the first year that dogs had been included in the show. Sarah felt warm pride and assurance when she compared Dakin's graceful body with the rough-hewn lines of his competitors. "Though it would be better for us," she whispered, rubbing Dakin's silky ears, "if you never got a prize, Bobby wouldn't want you then."

At eleven o'clock Bobby and her father appeared. As Sarah rose from her cramped position Dakin sprang to his feet, instantly alert, with his eyes on her face. Bobby was singularly ingratiating in his manner. "Suppose you go out of his sight, Sarah," he suggested. "He'll be all right then."

"Just as you say," Sarah's mouth showed the shadow of a dimple. "Come on, pa, let's go out where they're judging them."

"O Mr. Thurston," Bobby called after him, "I'd like to see you again about those Berkshires. You know, I—" His voice was drowned in a volley of despairing yelps as Dakin watched Sarah disappear.

But Sarah never turned an eye. As they reached the ring one of the judges was making a speech; he hoped that the large prize offered at this the first show would encourage the countryside to raise good dogs, man's noblest friend, and so forth. Sarah listened with one ear cocked toward the dog section. She didn't have long to wait. Dakin had found her scent, and Bobby was making a very rapid entry at the end of the leash.

The boy's flabby cheeks were red and perspiring as he raced after the dog. Halted beside Sarah, he poured his wrath over her. "Wouldn't start, he wouldn't, though I nearly pulled his darn neck off. Then when he found where you were he wouldn't stop! Nice kind of training you've given him! Nice



The tired dog fell asleep

DRAWINGS BY HAROLD SICHSEL

kind of entry to make before the judges!" Bobby was glowering alternately at Sarah and at Dakin.

Sarah patted the demure Dakin.

"Class one, collies," called a voice from the ring.

Bobby straightened his collar and picked up the leash. "Come on," he growled. Dakin sat still; his interested eyes were on his competitors skulking in the ring. Bobby jerked the leash. Dakin settled himself stolidly back on his haunches.

"Collie entered and owned by Robert Dakin! Ready for judging!" called the voice.

By virtue of his considerable weight Robert succeeded in dragging the dog, which still was sitting down, a foot or more. "Say!" The boy turned with an agonized whisper toward Sarah, who was watching the hounds with grave interest much like Dakin's. "Say, I can't make myself the laughingstock of all these people. For Pete's sake, lead him in, can't you?"

Sarah accepted the extended leash and before the amused gaze of the crowd walked into the ring. The vivid girl and the great golden dog seemed to take their fancy. Sarah flushed under the applause and, passing the leash to Bobby, started quickly back out of the ring. But she had reckoned without Dakin. Though encumbered by Bobby's weight at the end of the leash, he still kept pace with her. Then the delighted crowd began to call advice to Bobby.

Sarah caught a glimpse of his humiliated face and turned swiftly. "I'll stay with him, Bobby," she called softly to him. "The judge won't mind. And he's your entry."

The judges, who were a little uncertain as to procedure, eyed the three and proceeded to go over the points of Dakin. As Sarah had foreseen, it was easy for the thoroughbred; he had no real competitors. The judges were unanimous and a little overpowered by so much quality. They gathered in a group after all the dogs had been shown and conferred. At last Mr. Jason, who had offered the twenty-five-dollar prize, came out to make the announcement. This time in answer to Bobby's pleading gaze Sarah went forward at once.

"By unanimous vote," said Mr. Jason pompously, "this prize of twenty-five dollars and the blue ribbon are awarded to the collie before you. But I'd like to know," he added conversationally, "whose dog it is?"

Bobby hesitated. "My entry—Robert Dakin," he said briefly.

"That's all right," said Mr. Jason curiously, "but how about his pedigree record, which gives Sarah Thurston as his owner? Are you Sarah Thurston?" He glanced at the girl's burning cheeks, and there was a twinkle in his eye.

She nodded. Sure enough, when she had tucked that pedigree record so hastily into the envelope she had forgotten that her name appeared as Dakin's lawful owner! The crowd craned their necks to hear what was being said.

Bobby drew a long breath. He knew when he was beaten. "Sure, it's her dog," he said in a loud voice. "I just entered him to make it easy for her. Girls can't manage—" His voice was lost in the good-natured laughter of the crowd.

The judge made a courtly bow to Sarah. "I congratulate you, Miss Thurston, on your excellent dog," he said, "and I take pleasure in presenting you with the award."

With fingers that shook a little Sarah fastened the blue ribbon on Dakin's collar and with her roll of bills led the dog and Bobby back to her father. "Couldn't we have some ice cream?" she pleaded. "I feel as if I'd never get cool again."

"Guess we can," Mr. Thurston assented; "and you come along too, Bobby."

Bobby hesitated, but the ice-cream parlor offered shelter from all those grinning faces, and he followed.

Over their heaped plates—pa demanded large orders for everyone, including Dakin, who had never eaten ice cream before—they cautiously avoided the subject of prize dogs. "Now about those pigs," began pa tentatively.

Bobby brightened. "Yes, about those pigs," he said, and they entered into a technical discussion of the points of Berkshires.

"My idea," concluded Mr. Thurston, "would be for you to start with one of that Berkshire litter as a sure thing. A year from now you could exhibit it at the fair, and then, well,"—he finished largely,—"then you could sell or raise more."

Bobby's small eyes were fixed with unwavering interest on Mr. Thurston's face.

Sarah looked at her father and understood his twinkle. "How much is that pig?" she inquired casually.

"Twenty dollars," her father replied promptly, almost as if he had expected the question.

Sarah peeled off four new five-dollar bills. The silo could wait. Pa wanted Dakin back as much as she did.

"It's really yours anyway, you know," she said, shoving the money across the table to Bobby.

The boy stared greedily at the bills; then he looked up at Mr. Thurston. "No, 'tain't,"

he said gruffly, "but I've got ten dollars I saved, and if you lend me ten I can pay it back soon."

"No, sir!" Pa's voice was hearty and relieved. "I'm interested in this pig, and so's Sarah. I'll tell you, we'll go fifty-fifty on this prize, and I guess that'll suit everybody. And if you've all got filled up on ice cream, Bobby and I will go pick out the pig while you walk round with Dakin and look at the show, Sarah."

Their chairs scraped back from the table. Dakin sprang up, alert and suspicious of Bobby. The boy cleared his throat gruffly.

"Say, Sarah, you take Dakin home with you, will you? I'm sort of fed up on dogs and their everlasting racket. Pigs don't howl!"

"All right, Bobby."

Sarah's matter-of-fact voice gave no evidence of the great joy that her father saw shining in her eyes. Then as she looked after Bobby paddling along beside pa's tall lean figure she smiled maternally. "Pa's giving him something to do. And, my goodness, that's just what he's needed all along. He'll learn a lot from pigs too," she finished cryptically as with a contented sigh she led Dakin toward the jelly and preserve exhibit.



THE "MAJOR SPORTS" IV. GOLF AND HUMAN NATURE

By Bliss Perry

PROFESSOR PERRY is one of the few "pioneers" in American golf who are still close students of the game

WAIST-DEEP in a salmon stream one day last summer, I remembered that I had promised to write this article on golf. The river that I was fishing was one of the most beautiful in Nova Scotia, but the water was undeniably cold and very fast; the rocks were slippery, and I had been casting pretty steadily since dawn without so much as a single rise. And I said to myself, perhaps a little viciously, as I shifted position on the treacherous ledges and tried another unsuccessful cast, that if I ever lived to write that article I would begin it by remarking that golf has at least one advantage over fishing. In golf you are sure of getting what you go for.

I am too fond of fishing to be guilty of testing the value of a glorious sport by the number of fish killed. Any fisherman will remember long and happy days on the water when he took no fish at all. Yet great as is the pleasure of mere fly casting, no one really likes to come home empty-handed; and here is where the golfer scores over the fisherman. Somewhere during the eighteen holes even on his worst days the golfer plays one or two shots as they should be played. He gets a glow of satisfaction like that of the fisherman who not only has made a good cast but has hooked his fish into the bargain. To watch your ball carry the distant bunker or to see a long put go tinkling into the cup is to receive a perfectly definite and tangible reward for your pains and skill. It is not dependent upon the whim of some crafty or cantankerous salmon that insists on sulking on the bottom instead of rising to your fly. In other words, when you are fishing you may do your own

desperately bad golfing habits, which we shall carry with us to the grave. For instance, many of us had been ball players, and we struck at the "gutter" savagely with tense muscles, and as soon as the club head hit the ball we ended the stroke then and there. Besides, we were so curious to see where the little white ball would go that we lifted our heads to watch its flight before we had even hit it. Some of us do that still! Today we have far better balls and clubs; we have trained caddies and competent professionals and extravagantly costly and perfectly kept courses—and the pleasure of seeing our sons beat us three times out of four. But we do not have any more real fun than we had in the nineties, with the pastures and the tomato cans and the thrill that comes only to the pioneer. Vast changes have come into our American life in the last twenty-five years, but the spirit of sportsmanship has not changed. Nor has human nature changed. It is precisely because golf reveals human nature so thoroughly, because the temptations and rewards of the game illustrate the perennial weakness and strength of the men and women who play it, that it remains so fascinating.

Let us look, for instance, at the problems of the beginner. They involve, like the problems of education and of morals, the whole physical and mental equipment of the individual and his relation to the standards recognized by the human society of which he is a part. The luckiest beginner is the caddie who has not yet learned what the word "problem" means, but who watches the crack players and quite unconsciously imitates their stance and swing. Youth and the competitive instinct do the rest. Most of the best professionals are graduates of the caddie school. Their golfing virtue was acquired so early and so easily as to seem a natural virtue. It seems to confirm the theory of old-fashioned moralists that some children are born "good."

But suppose you were born without the caddie's opportunities and imitative gift, and that at fifteen or at twenty-five you make up your mind to learn the game. The first thing that is borne in on you is the immense difficulty of being "natural." You must stand "naturally," explains the patient professional, and he adjusts your heels and toes and knees until you feel as if a photographer were telling you to smile "naturally" when there is nothing to smile at. Then you must hold the club "naturally"—that is to say, with a certain grip that has been slowly discovered and perfected by generations of canny Scotchmen. The professional knocks your thumbs and fingers into the proper position, and you feel as if it were your first violin lesson all over again, and you were being told to crook your elbows painfully and bend your wrist horribly and just hold that slippery fiddle "naturally"—like Kreisler, for instance! And now with this "natural" stance and "natural" grip you are asked to take a "natural" swing at an imaginary ball and to carry the swing through "naturally." You are sure by this time that there is "no such animal" as naturalness, any more than there ever was an angel child.

But then, sometimes after ten minutes, although more often during the second or third lesson, the miracle happens! You discover that the professional is quite right about it, that the acquired or artificial virtue is in the way of becoming a real, though not yet an instinctive, virtue. "Donald's" way of standing, of gripping the club, of swinging it

through, is the simplest way after all. It may even happen that two very famous lines of poetry will occur to you as a confirmation of what you have paid the Scotchman to teach you:

True ease in writing comes from Art, not
Chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd
to dance.

Most professionals have their favorite phrases—like all teachers and preachers. They repeat them to pupil after pupil all day long. One professional's watchword is "balance"; another's is "pivoting"; another's, "Keep your head down." Or it may be, "Keep your eye on the ball," or, "Bend your left knee as if you were bowling," or, "Swing as if you were mowing with a scythe." But the truth is that all of these maxims, like the shibboleths of the moralists and pedagogues, mean very much the same thing. For if you can keep your eye on the ball, you can keep your head down; and if you keep your head down, your body is balanced, ready to pivot; and if the swing is true to the imaginary line of the flight of the ball and is properly timed and properly finished, you have pivoted in spite of yourself. So do the Ten Commandments somehow belong together, and keeping one of them helps to keep the rest. Coordination is the secret of many things besides golf.

After you have made that rudimentary conquest of yourself, lose no time in finding a sweet-tempered partner and starting out. The better he plays the better for you. You will pick up the rules by breaking them. Of course you will play badly, overanxiously, at first. You will try to remember too many things at once. "Don't try to remember anything," I heard a wise professional say to a young pupil the other day; "just step up and hit the ball." If he had said "concentrate," that pupil would not have understood him; but concentration, coolness, courage and confidence will take a player very far. Of these four "C" qualities confidence is the most difficult to acquire. Some players are born with it; others, whose mechanics of the game are perfect, never quite attain it. If a man is sure he can sink a put, he will probably sink it; if he once says to himself, "What if I should miss that put?" he will never run it down. Confidence may be owing to many causes; to



DRAWINGS BY W. P. DOOGIE

part to perfection and still have nothing to show for it, whereas corresponding energy and patience devoted to a day's golfing bring returns less subject to the law of chance. There is an element of luck in every sport, but a professional golfer who turns in cards somewhere in the seventies day after day and year after year in all weathers upon all courses will tell you that in the long run luck is an almost negligible factor. Luck may win or lose a single match. But in golf you get in general just about what you deserve to get, whereas in fishing you very frequently do not. And now no more about fishing!

Those of us who began to play golf in the 1890's were a happy company of pioneers. We knew little about the game, and there were few professionals to teach us. Thousands of older golfers today remember with affection the pastures on which they first played, with tomato cans for cups and improvised greens about the size of a hall bedroom. Balls and clubs were cheap affairs; club dues were only a few dollars a year, and caddies were virtually unknown. We were all "duffers" together and picked up some



experience, to self-knowledge, to knowledge of the weakness of your opponent and even to conceit; but without it you can never be a supreme match player.

Shall the beginner spend most of his time in playing matches or in practicing shots? Here the experts differ a little, though all maintain that one must do both. My observation is that most young players do not practice enough in proportion to the rounds

they play. They should get thoroughly acquainted with each club in the bag. They should go over the course alone when it is not crowded and when they play a shot badly should drop another ball and if necessary another and keep on playing that shot until it is mastered.

For in golf, we must remember, more than in most games a man is playing against himself as well as against his opponent. One morality of the game is this constant presence of an ideal, a "par" for each hole,—to say nothing of a "birdie" or an "eagle," as the reporters now like to call a marvelous shot under par,—and the golfer bent on improvement is not satisfied to beat a weaker player unless he is also cutting down his own medal score. He is fighting his own besetting golfing sins. So long as he is gradually getting the better of them he is "coming"; when they in turn get the upper hand and keep it he is "slipping"—and that is a ghastly experience! For centuries men have argued about the theory of moral "perfectibility." Can any son of Adam attain perfection through striving for it? Well, that is what thousands of golfers are attempting every day, and their "ups" and "downs," their "good days" and their "bad days," are a revelation of some of the ways of our poor but glorious human nature.

No one really understands the balance of physical, mental and moral qualities that affect his game on particular days. One famous



professional told me that all his lowest scores were made on the days when he had a bit of headache or other physical depression. On those days he was relaxed and did not "press." Sometimes a bad start helps a man's match play, even though it has ruined his medal score. Sometimes after losing a match, say on the fourteenth green, a man can play out the bye holes and smother his opponent who unconsciously "lets down" after the strain. Yet here the player who has lost has "let down" also, and it helps him: gives him ease and a certain recklessness. Some golfers of the fighting, aggressive type do best under pressure; an uphill struggle brings out all they have in them. The beautiful "shot-player" is often outclassed in a tournament, much as the graceful French and Spanish tennis players last summer succumbed to the tough Australians who seemed able to win a point whenever they actually had to have it. National temperament counts in these things, as well as individual temperament. A man should understand his racial heritage and his own type of mind if he can do so without worrying over it.

For the mind often comes into the game of golf too much and plays mischief with the body. "Anyone can be taught to play in the eighties," said Donald Ross once, "but to break into the seventies takes judgment." By "judgment" he meant, I am sure, the proper balance of body and mind. How easily it is lost! You are about to play a shot, and you notice that some one is watching you. It may be the club professional, and you grow suddenly self-conscious. You try to swing just as he told you to swing only last Tuesday, and you make a wretched shot. It may be your wife, who appears sweetly but inopportunely from the clubhouse "just to see you start" or "just to see you play the last hole," and you, pitiful creature, promptly "flub" your drive and "look up" on your approach and take three puts on the green.

Or you may lose your moral balance by a bad lie or an inexcusably poor put. Confidence oozes out of you as if you had been pricked with a pin; you put "short" the next time or too desperately hard. A club that rarely fails you, say the old masher with the warped shaft, suddenly "goes back on you" like a treacherous friend. You become afraid of it, really terrorized, and you pull out a jigger or a mid-iron, knowing perfectly well that it is not the right club for that particular shot—and yet you are powerless to change it. Have you never seen a man who knows that his whole moral stance is wrong and is helpless to alter it?

Yet confidence comes back as swiftly as it goes. You make a really brilliant shot and feel that that sort of thing is still "in" you. Sometimes, alas for human nature! you profit by your friend's misfortune. What golfer does

not remember matches when the whole sky seemed suddenly to change, like the "break" that comes in a ball game? Your opponent's ball rolls into a trap or into an unplayable lie. It is pure chance, like a stymie, yet it visibly upsets him. And how your own courage soars up again in the moment of his calamity! The match is not lost after all. He grows flustered while you grow cool and begin to run down your puts again.

Considering the nervous, high-wrought American temperament, I am inclined to say that most young golfers do too much thinking about their game. Their attention is too much distributed between grip and wrists and elbows and shoulders and left heel and right toe. "Don't think of anything" is a counsel of perfection for us, like Tolstoy's famous injunction to stop thinking and to act! A man's game ought ultimately to come down from the brain into the spinal cord and be instinctive, be second nature. The paradox is that this spontaneity at which we aim can be reached only through discipline. It cannot be reached through "letting yourself go." That is easy enough in itself, and if all golfers were born graceful and "right" in body and mind and had learned to play golf they would not need to think of anything. Yet the hard fact is that few of us were born into that paradise.

What a hint about human nature is here! Painful self-scrutiny, agonized self-examination, making out lists of faults and virtues to be avoided or striven for, as old Benjamin Franklin did even in the days when New England Puritanism was losing its hold—all that has its counterpart in the experience of most golfers. They have to go through it sooner or later. And what a parallel to the experience of the tempted and falling saint is to be found in the experienced golfer who suddenly discovers that something has gone wrong with his drive! He feels that something is wrong, feels it in the very soles of his feet, feels it in his wrists and arms and shoulders, and yet he himself seems powerless to diagnose the source of the difficulty. He possesses the whole theory of the game, and his performance has for months been meritorious, and now comes this horrid lapse. What shall he do? Keep on worrying in the hope of some day worrying through? Or rather is it not wiser to follow the old moral rule of confession being good for the soul? Let him consult his spiritual director, so to speak; let him seek out the professional at his club and pour his troubles into the comprehending and really sympathetic ear of the dour, under-vocabularyed Scot. The Scot listens, makes him drive a few balls and then grins and touches the patient's left knee or right shoulder, or makes him stand a bit closer to the ball or farther from it, or places a clover leaf on the grass two or three inches beyond the ball to see if the sinner is properly "taking the turf" and keeping the club head against the ball after the ball has been hit. In ten minutes the doubting, despairing golfer may be driving as well as ever. How simple it was! It is like going to a great medical specialist and confessing your worst fears of some frightful, obscure disease, only to be told that a couple of glasses of water before breakfast is all you need for a cure!

These alternations from despondency to ecstasy, these swift recoveries of "form," this new confident recklessness in which every drive soars like a bird and every approach is headed straight for the pin and every put is crisp and delicate as the stroke of an artist's



brush—what golfer does not know them? And what golfer who has played for a dozen years does not know likewise that this beatified sense of security and power will not last? It is a weather breeder, as the pessimistic and superstitious New Englander says of a singularly perfect day. Somewhere off the coast or beyond the mountain horizon a storm is surely brewing!

But security followed swiftly by insecurity, and insecurity by security in turn, is not that the essence of human life itself? The comedy and tragedy of existence are reflected in this absurd game of knocking white balls into a hole. There is no physical risk in it, as there

is in hunting and mountain climbing; yet judged by its emotional variations, its exaltations and depressions, it is as extra hazardous as life itself. But it gives moments of serene perfection.

Do not laugh at this extravagance. Do something far better. Pick up your caddie bag and start for the first tee. Tee up your

ball,—not too high,—forget the gallery, forget everything you have read or thought or done, and sweep that ball down the fairway for better or for worse—only I hope it will be for better—and follow the gleam! St. Paul, you may note, gives us very much the same advice. His vocabulary was different, but he had sound ideas about playing the game.

THE STRANGEST OF WEDDING JOURNEYS

By C.A. Stephens

DRAWN BY A. L. RIPLEY



They at last attracted the attention of those on board

Chapter Four The mysterious anarchist

PERHAPS ninety miles above where the Mistisibbi, or Big, River falls into James Bay the McKay canoe party left it and followed a portage route to the north across another divide through a chain of small lakes to the Bishop Roggan River. They had learned that near the mouth of that large stream several Eskimo families were spending the summer. Both Philip and Diana were eager to visit an encampment of those strange northern people.

It took the party three days to portage to the Bishop Roggan River, which is badly navigable before the fall rains, and two more days to descend to the coast at James Bay, where for the first time on their tour they saw salt water. Finally just at night of their second day they reached a small Eskimo camp consisting of six tents or lodges in a nook on the river bank, surrounded with high rocky bluffs. As a matter of fact, since the wind was blowing fresh up the stream, they had smelled the camp while yet half a mile away. When they got nearer their coming was heralded by a wild hullabaloo of barking dogs.

When the uproar had quieted a little the whole swarthy shock-headed population, six men, five women and eight or nine children, flocked down to the shore. "Kimo! Kimo tobac! Kimo lum!" they called—words signifying that they were ready to trade for tobacco and rum.

Two of the women had on what seemed like checked gingham gowns, but all the rest wore the usual Eskimo garb of loose, fringed smocks, trousers of tanned caribou hide and sealskin moccasins. All were bareheaded. One fat old fellow who appeared to be the headman introduced himself by saying, "Me Kupik," and further aired his stock of English words by shouting, "Me glad see you!"

Both the men and the women were cordial, indeed almost uproariously so; most unlike Indians, who are generally silent on first meeting strangers, they shouted and laughed constantly. The women gathered round Diana and examined her clothing with great interest, particularly her shoes. Afterwards

they showed her their treasures, some of their own handiwork, and ended by drawing her inside one of the closed tents to show her a newborn infant. The odors all about the place were indescribable, and before poor Diana was able to get free from the exuberant attentions of the women she was more than ready to acquiesce in her Uncle James's suggestion that they had best make their camp for the night on the other side of the river.

The Indians indeed had already crossed and, having chosen a camp site, had kindled a fire. The contemptuous sniffs with which Lododa expressed her scorn of the Eskimo women and their offspring were very amusing. Primitive and even squalid as the Indians' mode of life is, they look down as if from an immense height of superiority upon the Eskimos.

During the evening Kupik and his son, a young man named Hontee, crossed the stream to visit the travelers, evidently in hope of receiving presents. The factor gave them some "tobac," but the old Eskimo was plainly disappointed that he got no "lum." The weather had turned raw and cloudy, and during the night a chilly rain with sleet began, which lasted throughout the following day and night. With no shelter except the tents, the travelers were anything but comfortable.

Despite the bad weather the Eskimos were out in their kayaks at the mouth of the river all the following forenoon, and they captured a large white porpoise, which they towed to their encampment. The huge, warm-blooded creature, which sometimes is called a white whale, was twelve or thirteen feet in length and probably weighed more than a ton. It had accidentally got over the bar at the mouth of the river and had become embayed there. Kupik and his tribal family, the women as well as the men, were occupied all the rest of the day in the drenching storm, cutting up the carcass and dressing the flesh for food. The meat looked stringy, dark and tough, and the Indians said that it was not fit to eat; nevertheless the Eskimos chewed mouthfuls of it raw as they worked. The older children too came about them and snatched and bolted bits of the fat.

Unpleasantly smeared as they all became

during their task, the strange folk presented so revolting a spectacle that Diana was fain to acknowledge that her former curiosity concerning Eskimos was now wholly satisfied. "I've seen enough," she said to Philip. "I never believed till now that any human being would eat raw meat, like a wolf!"

Uncle James laughed. "That is what the name Eskimo means, an eater of raw meat," he said.

The storm cleared off bitterly cold, and the elder McKay and Philip began to feel some anxiety about their return trip and the best way of making it. At that time two rude little steam craft in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company and of Revillon Frères were making trips round James Bay and to the South Belcher Islands. Mr. McKay had hoped to obtain passage down the coast as far as the mouth of the East Main River or perhaps to Rupert River, either of which they could ascend to Lake Mistassini. From the Eskimos they learned that the "smoke boat" sometimes put in at the mouth of the Bishop Roggan River. So they shifted their camping place to higher ground that afforded a good outlook to seaward and set up a white signal flag in order to attract the attention of any vessel that might pass.

Two days elapsed, which they spent largely in fishing and shooting ducks and wild geese to supply themselves with food, but neither smoke nor sail appeared. Then they began to fear that the little steamers might already have made their last trips for the season. Not daring to delay longer, they lashed their three canoes together abreast, thus forming a kind of catamaran on which a mast could be raised and one of the tents utilized as a sail. They lashed poles across the canoes from side to side to give stability to the craft and contrived a rudder at the stern of the middle canoe. With that novel rig they thought they could take advantage of the prevailing northerly winds and, keeping as near the shore as practicable, make their way down the coast to the mouth of the East Main River. If the wind favored and the sail drew well, they hoped to cover the distance in two days.

Whether the voyage could have been made in that way is doubtful. Fortunately, they were not obliged to attempt it. On the fourth morning just as they were embarking one of the Indians discovered the smoke of a steamer coming up the coast a mile or two offshore. It was, I think Diana said, the Inemew; the captain's name was Rankin.

It seemed about to pass them, but by swinging wraps and whatever else they had by way of signaling they at last attracted the attention of those on board. The little craft stopped and sent in a boat. Philip went aboard to interview the captain and made a bargain with him to land them at the mouth of the East Main. The Inemew, however, was then bound for the South Belcher Islands eighty miles to northward, but, since it was their only chance of steam passage down the bay, the voyagers decided to make the round trip. The canoes were broken apart and were taken aboard the steamer, whither the entire party followed them.

Captain Rankin proved to be a jolly host, and he was much interested in the trip they had taken. Almost his first question was whether they had seen anything of the "mutineer." They replied of course that they had never heard of such a person.

Captain Rankin was astonished. "Why, the whole bay has been talking of little else for two months!" he exclaimed. "He's roaming round among the Huskies and Indians."

"But who is he?" asked Philip.

"That is what no one knows exactly," replied the captain. "He calls himself Tom Catlin. I doubt if that is his name. He seems like a foreigner, but speaks good English—too good. He came here as a sailor last spring aboard the company's fur ship—the ship that comes to the bay every season with trade goods from London and takes home the company's stock of furs. They noticed down at the factory at Moose River that he was a queer fish, altogether too knowing about things that didn't concern him, talking and arguing on the sly with the Indians and half-breeds. Some people think now that he is an anarchist or a Bolshevik who has come out from the old country to work among the sailors on the ship or the half-breeds ashore."

The captain paused thoughtfully and then continued: "Catlin kept with the fur ship when she sailed for home, but before they were clear of the bay Captain McCormick discovered that the fellow was trying to start a mutiny and had already won over six of the sailors. What the scamp had planned was to murder all the ship's officers except

the second mate, whom he would need to help him navigate. The mutineers were going to put the mate in irons and compel him to help them. Instead of taking the ship to London or Liverpool, they were going to sail her round by the Murman coast to Archangel in Soviet Russia, where I suppose they expected to enrich themselves by marketing the valuable cargo."

"What did Captain McCormick do?" Philip exclaimed.

"What he ought to have done was to put the rascal out of the way as quick as he could!" replied Captain Rankin. "Only think of it! Planning cold-blooded murder and robbery! But I imagine he was a little afraid of his own sailors. They were a crew picked up round the London docks. All the best English sailors were of course with the navy. What he did was to let down a boat, drive the anarchist into it and put him ashore on one of the Sleeper Islands way up toward Hudson Strait. That was a mistake! Such a fellow is dangerous everywhere. Now he's among the natives up there and by telling them all kinds of lies about the company and the whites is trying to make anarchists of them. They say he's been ranging round as far down the coast as Big River. I didn't know but you might have run into him."

Philip described the five rough fellows whom they had encountered on the Wenusk River, and Captain Rankin thought that the "mutineer" might possibly have been one of them. "Since the war began," he said, "there are a good many deserters skulking up here in the bay country. 'Birds of a feather flock together.' Very likely some of the runaways have joined Catlin."

"But what sort of man is he?" the elder McKay inquired. "How did he look?"

"Well, he's a tall, lean-looking chap with a hawk eye," the captain replied. "About thirty years old, I should say. One of the sort that is always watching other folks and sizing them up. He surely knew how to talk to the sailors and the half-breeds; they would sit round and listen to him through a whole evening at a stretch. He's one of the kind that go about nowadays, you know, telling such men what the company ought to do for them, what they ought to have, and that everything in the world is rightfully theirs, and that they ought to rise up and take it!"

"I see you are no Bolshevik, captain," Philip said jocosely.

"Certainly I'm not!" Captain Rankin exclaimed. "No honest man is!"

The South Belcher Islands lie forty miles off the east coast of Hudson Bay almost opposite the mouth of the Great Whale River. At that time there were three villages of Eskimos there, which the Inemew visited. Philip and Diana now had a chance to see more of that interesting people, which certain ethnologists deem the oldest living race. The islands look wholly desolate; not a tree grows there; and inland bare gray peaks covered with ice and capped with snow make the landscape additionally dreary and forbidding. Nevertheless the voyagers found the natives to be of the same jocund, laughing sort as those that they had met at the mouth of the Bishop Roggan River; and they were equally voluble and squalid and had the usual noisy pack of dogs.

"Oh, what a dreary place for human beings to pass their lives in!" Diana exclaimed more than once as they rambled along the snowy shore to keep warm.

"But these folks appear to like it," said Philip. "They seem to be as happy as clams, happier than most white people we know at home. Happiness is a queer thing," he added. "It depends very little on where people live or on what they possess."

"But I want a nice, beautiful home in a good, warm, comfortable country," Diana insisted. "Isn't that what we are working for? I shouldn't be happy without it!"

A sleety storm came on, and they were not sorry to steam away from the cheerless Belchers. After August the great, bleak, misty bay of the north has few charms for tourists, and not too many even in midsummer.

It blew a gale during the two following days, and the Inemew pitched and rolled. The small, narrow cabin was as cold as a tomb; indeed the only place aboard that was at all comfortable was close beside the unprotected boiler on the main deck, and more than once Diana and Philip burned their hands on the hot iron surfaces as the little craft capered over the surges. In such weather it was quite impossible to set a table with crockery. Those who ate gripped the food in both hands; but for reasons easily imagined by those who have braved the sea in

a storm appetite was mostly wanting. Poor Lododa had actually to be tied into one of the little bunks; she was too sick to hold on to the side of it.

Everyone was thankful when on the third morning the Inemew put in at the mouth of the East Main River and they were able to set foot on firm earth once more.

"You have been very good to us," Diana said as she bade Captain Rankin good-by. "That was my first voyage on the rolling main. I don't want another this year!"

Though the East Main is a large river, the travelers had to make four portages before they reached Great Bend, where they carried over to the Prince Rupert. Having by that

time little luggage left in the canoes, whether foodstuffs or goods, they were able to proceed rapidly. And there was reason for haste. Already the nights were so cold that ice had formed all along the slack water near the banks.

They reached Rupert River on the 28th of September; and now they were within fifty miles of Lake Mistassini and their new home.

"With good luck we shall be there in two days more," the elder McKay said.

But suddenly they found that they must transport an unexpected load, all more than the canoes could carry with safety.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WHEN THE OLD SOUTH BROKE IN By Irving Palmer Rodgers



"WELL, whatta you do down here?" demanded Tony Chitti of the brawny young fellow who had paused to adjust his pit lamp as he stepped off the cage at the bottom of the shaft.

"Thought you getta the good job on top, John. You tella me you goin' be surveyor for the company. You getta fooled, yes?"

"Something like that," replied John Maxwell, nodding to his Italian friend. "I didn't get the job. Turner beat me to it."

"That leetle dude? He think he know ver' much, but he know ver' leetle. He the boss's nephew, eh?"

"Yes, he's the boss's nephew, but that didn't get him the job. He just happened to be willing to tell them something they wanted to hear; I insisted on telling them something they'd rather not hear."

"Whatta that?"

The two men had fallen behind the other miners who were going to work on the afternoon shift, and now only their two pit lamps lighted up the black walls round them.

"What the company no lika to hear, John?" asked Chitti.

"They didn't like to hear that the south entry is just about at the edge of their coal rights, and that the Old South mine was pretty careless about observing boundary lines, and that there's danger any day of breaking into the old mine somewhere."

Tony turned quickly. "That no funny thing. Chitti know what happen then, all right!"

"Of course you know! So do the other fellows down here, and they wouldn't work a minute longer if they believed what I believe. But Turner tells them that there's no danger the Old South will break in."

Tony nodded. "John, once you tella me you no dig coal even if you starve. Well, whatta the matter you come to dig today?"

"I'm not going to dig coal; at least not very much. I'm down here to have a look at things on my own hook. I know what's likely to happen, even if the company doesn't want

to believe me, and I want to know how soon the trouble's going to start. Who's working in the south entry now?"

"Pietro Davi and Giuseppe Vietti," replied Chitti. "They runna da machine—what you call it?—that scrapes da dirt from under the coal."

"They won't pay any attention to me," said John.

"They pay attention to me," declared Chitti confidently. "But maybe they laugh this afternoon if we try to scare them. Turner is down here somewhere, and he tella them everything safe enough or he stay out. See?"

"Yes, I see; but I'm going to watch those two fellows a few minutes anyhow. Can you come along? I'll pay you for your time."

At Chitti's nod John strode rapidly along the dark entry and finally came to the room where Davi and Vietti were running the machine. John and his companion stood watching the two for some minutes; then Chitti started forward. "Ah-h-h! Looka there, John!"

John was halfway across the room before Chitti had finished speaking. A trickle of water was running off the ledge that the machine was making under the vein of coal. Davi and Vietti were staring at it wonderingly.

"Well, we're just in time!" cried John, springing to the machine and wrenching the control lever from Vietti.

As he shut off the power and the machine stopped the trickle of water widened to a stream as large as his arm, and then a flood poured through the wall upon them. Vietti and Davi fled with cries of fear, but Chitti stayed with John until they learned that they could not possibly stop the flow of water. Then they abandoned the machine and ran after the two older men, who had stopped halfway up the gradually sloping entry floor outside the room.

John knew that that place would be above water for some time, but there were several entries and rooms farther east that were below the level. He turned quickly to the men about him. "Are there any men in those rooms?" he demanded, pointing to the east.

The Italians conferred hastily and nodded. "Ten men," said Chitti, holding up his ten fingers. "And Turner."

"They must be warned," said John. "And then we must wall off that water. How can we get to them the quickest?"

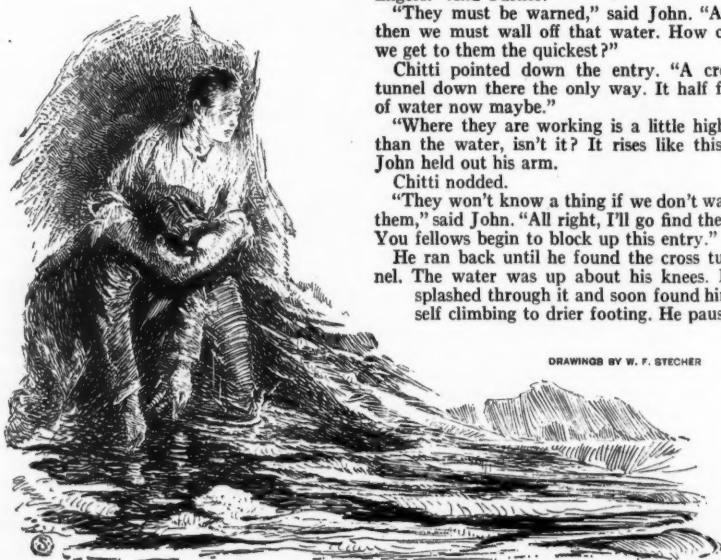
Chitti pointed down the entry. "A cross tunnel down there the only way. It half full of water now maybe."

"Where they are working is a little higher than the water, isn't it? It rises like this?" John held out his arm.

Chitti nodded. "They won't know a thing if we don't warn them," said John. "All right, I'll go find them. You fellows begin to block up this entry."

He ran back until he found the cross tunnel. The water was up about his knees. He splashed through it and soon found himself climbing to drier footing. He paused

John had his head under his arm in an unbreakable hold



DRAWING BY W. F. STECHER

for a moment, but, hearing the sound of a distant pick, started hurriedly forward again.

He found the miners busy shoveling coal into some cars, and as soon as he gave the alarm they fled along the way he had just come. Turner was not with them, and John shivered as he thought of hunting for him through the unfamiliar workings while the water was rising swiftly in the tunnel. His one way of escape might be cut off before he could find the engineer, and the two would have to die there in the darkness.

Shouting at the top of his voice, he hurried ahead along the tunnel and through entries and rooms. It seemed that he would never find Turner, but at last he found him sitting on a powder can, figuring intently on a pad.

Turner looked up in astonishment. "Well, what are you doing down here?" he demanded. "Spying on me, maybe?"

"The men in room thirty," replied John shortly, "have broken through into the Old South. The water was filling the tunnel when I came through. Some gas was coming in too. If we're going to get out, we've got to act mighty quick. Come on."

Turner looked blank; then he got to his feet and hurried after John without a word.

When the two got to the slope they found the water lapping the roof of the tunnel where it sagged in one place. John's heart

beat heavily. They must dive and swim for their lives. It was not many yards to where the roof would be above the water, but in the dark and with all the water in the abandoned Old South pouring in about them—well, the situation required courage. He set his teeth and faced the engineer.

Turner's boyish face was pale. He shook his head. "Go ahead, Maxfield," he said tremulously. "You can make it all right if you hurry, but I—" He paused and swallowed hard. "I can't swim. I—I'm afraid of water."

John bit his under lip. What was he to do? He must act quickly. The water was rising every moment. Leaving the engineer there helpless was not to be thought of! With the circulation of air stopped, as it was now, the air in the tunnel would soon be unfit to breathe. He looked all round him, and at last his gaze rested on the steel tape that Turner wore hooked to his belt. He held out his hand. "Let's have that tape," he said.

When Turner handed it to him he unwound a few feet of it and snapped the loose end to a ring in his companion's belt. "You can't swim, but it won't be a question of swimming; you'll just have to hold your breath under water. I'm going out with this tape, and when I'm in the clear I'll give a couple of sharp pulls. You must follow me then. Hold your breath for dear life, and when you go under don't struggle. I'll pull you out all right. And Tony Chitti will be there to help me. Just try to keep clear of the roof and walls. And don't breathe!"

He waded quickly into the water, and when it was round his shoulders he shouted back: "Don't lose your nerve now. This is easy if you don't get scared." He grinned, reached up and put out his pit lamp, then lunged forward and downward into the black water.

In less than a minute he was breathing the close but refreshing air of the main entry, and Chitti was helping him to a footing.

Viatti and Davi stood in the shadows, looking at him stupidly. "You no finda Turner?" Chitti asked.

John nodded. "Yes, he's back there. He's on the other end of this tape." Briefly he explained everything. "And now we must pull him out." He gave two sharp tugs on the tape, waited a few moments and then began to pull the tape in hand over hand.

It came slowly at first, and there was some resistance; then it would not come at all. "He's about to make the dive," John said to Chitti and pulled gently on the tape. Suddenly it came freely, and with an exclamation of dismay he pulled it in until he had the end with the ring and snap. He looked blankly at Chitti.

"Turner losa da nerve," the Italian murmured softly. "He unhooka da tape. What you do now?"

"Go back after him!" exclaimed John. "Here, Davi—Viatti! You two help Chitti with this tape. He knows what to do. When I give a couple of tugs pull and pull for your lives!" Then he grasped the loose end of the tape and plunged into the water.

He was badly winded when he came to the surface in the tunnel, and he had to blow a bit before he could look for Turner. The engineer was standing at the edge of the water; his pit lamp threw a faint white light over the walls and lighted up the lower part of his pale face.

John strode toward him. "Well, what was the idea of cutting loose like that?" he demanded. "You'd have been safe and sound by now if you had hung on! Come, it's now or never with us."

Turner did not seem to hear him, but gazed stupidly into his face. John reached out quickly and snapped the tape into the engineer's belt again; then he flung himself upon him. Turner was taken by surprise, and before he could offer any resistance John had his head under his arm in an unbreakable hold. He did not have to give the two tugs on the tape; he had given them unconsciously, and even as he secured Turner's arms he felt the pull of the tape.

In a moment they were floundering in the water; then they were beneath the surface. John kicked himself and his burden free of the roof and walls again and again as they jerked along. Once Turner's body, now gone limp, jammed hard against something; John, whose lungs seemed ready to burst, concluded that they were at the intersection of the tunnel and the entry and, pushing and kicking desperately, flung himself and the engineer clear again. In spite of the water he tried to breathe; there was a moment of suffocation; then his senses left him.

The next thing he knew he was lying on the entry floor, and Chitti was bending over him. He turned his head and looked round; a little distance away other men were bending over some one else. "Turner?" he asked, struggling to get up.

"Yes," said Chitti. "You keepa still till you getta da wind. Turner all right. An' da boys gotta da entry plugged. Da water, it held back, an' we senda da word to da top. Ever'ting O.K. You keepa shut da mouth."

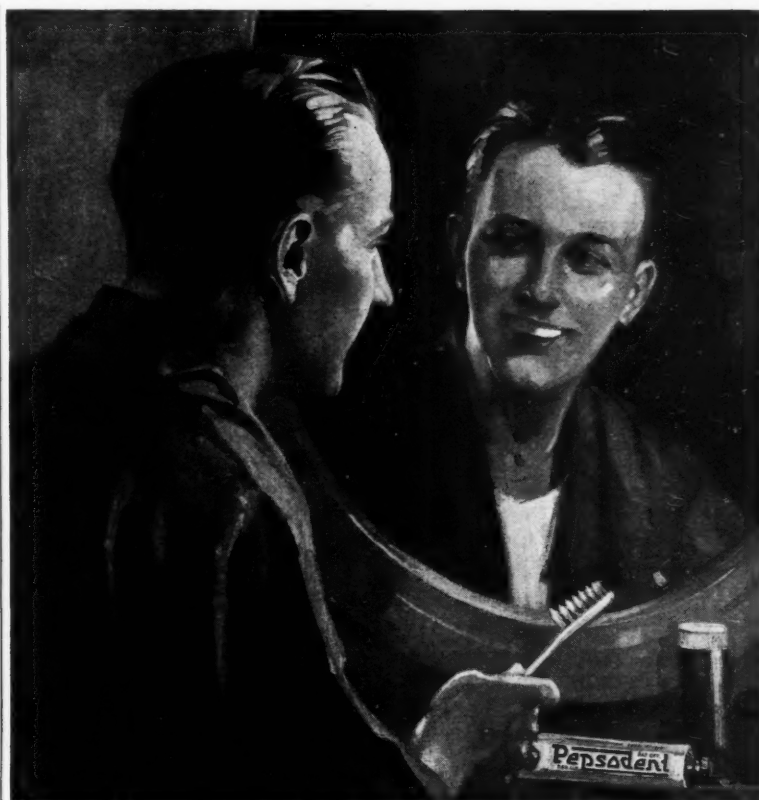
Some time later John and Turner lay on adjacent cots in the coal company's offices. John was there much against his will, but Turner through necessity. The engineer could talk, however, and when they were left alone he turned on his side and said, "Know what I was doing when you found me?"

"You seemed to be holding down a powder can."

"I was verifying what you told us on top yesterday morning. Dave Cummings, who worked with the Old South years ago, gave me some figures last night, and they proved that you were right. But I just didn't have the nerve to tell my uncle what I had found. I had contradicted you so flatly, and then—well, he wouldn't have believed that old Jerry Potter, who owned the Old South, was dishonest. Maybe the old fellow wasn't,—maybe his surveyor was just careless,—but anyway the mine had been worked sixty rods beyond its boundaries. I figured it all out down there this afternoon, and I meant to tell my uncle tonight, but I waited too long. He'll be wanting you to take my place now, I suppose, and I want to say that I hope you'll accept it."

"Not I." John shook his head. "I wasn't after your job. I was just thinking of Chitti and the others who might have got trapped as we were. I have a job beginning next week—with the Peerless people. You won't lose out here either, because everyone knows it was the Old South that was out of bounds."

"Well, maybe, but whatever happens, I want you to know that I'm grateful, and—" "You'd better go to sleep," John said.



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ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY



A map showing the newly discovered iron fields in South America

FACT AND COMMENT

THE WHEELWRIGHT has a good motto for public speakers to remember: "The longer the spoke the bigger the tire."

He traveled ill who, praising Naught,
expands
On What-He-Didn't-Like in Other
Lands.

A GOOD ATTITUDE of mind is that of the man in a rowboat headed upstream. He knows that he must row even to hold his own.

A HURDY-GURDY IN LONDON has blossomed into a "radio barrel organ." The music box contains a radio receiving set with a loud speaker, surmounted by a small aerial. The outfit is novel enough to attract crowds of listeners.

"THE WELL-BEING OF MANKIND throughout the world" is the avowed aim of the Rockefeller Foundation. In the ten years since it was established it has devoted itself almost wholly to public health and medical education. So far, it has spent \$76,757,000.

UP TO THE PRESENT TIME the French have done little prospecting for oil in France, but have bought nearly all of their motor fuels abroad. Recent changes in the French mining laws, advantageous to prospectors, and a government subsidy make it likely that borings will now begin. The most promising regions seem to be near the Auvergne Mountains and in the department of Ain.

TESTS AT THE SAN FRANCISCO PLANT of the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation demonstrated that a miniature Diesel engine for automobiles will drive a small car fifty miles on 2½ cents' worth of fuel. One fifty-horse-power engine in a car of standard make ran the machine for several months at a surprisingly small cost. The fuel is a light oil, the same that is now used in submarine vessels.

RESPONDING AT LAST to the urging of the press, the Spanish government is setting out to save from further decay the great Moorish palace of the Alhambra at Granada. An enthusiastic young architect who has been appointed curator has begun to secure the tottering walls and cracked arches with steel rods, so that the unsightly props that for years have supported the dangerous pieces may be removed.

THE CICADA, or seventeen-year locust, will appear this year in many of the states east of the Mississippi. For seventeen years it lives in the ground as a grub, then suddenly emerges, takes wing and begins to "sing" in the tree tops. The female lays eggs on twig and leaf; new grubs hatch, fall to the ground and dig in at once. The insects cause no permanent damage to mature trees, but may seriously injure nursery stock. This year's swarm is one of the largest and most widely distributed of all.

AMONG THE MANY WOES OF CHINA is a revival of the opium evil. Great Britain agreed to prevent opium from being sent into China if China would suppress the culture of the poppy and desist from making opium at home. For a time China did discourage and greatly reduce the home production, but when Indian opium ceased to be a competitor and anarchy spread over the country the laws were relaxed, and many of the provincial governments actually encouraged, and in some provinces required, the cultivation of the poppy for the revenue they derived from it. Now, it is reported, the crop in China is nearly as large as it was before there were any restrictions, and because of

the official indifference the use of the drug has increased to an alarming extent. The production is reported to be enormous and the demand "limitless."

ANOTHER GERMAN OFFER

LARGELY for what we may call political reasons France lost no time in rejecting the latest proposal from Germany. From a financial point of view the German offer was worth discussing; it came nearer practicability and adequacy than the earlier offer, and it is apparent that the British government would like to have an allied conference called to consider it. That of course is what the Germans wish. No such conference has been held for a long time that did not end in an open difference between the British and the French representatives, and every such difference strains the Entente and offers to the hopeful German mind a chance of escaping from paying any reparations whatever.

The new proposal made by Chancellor Cuno does not mention the total sum that Germany is willing to pay, though it is generally believed that there would be no great difficulty in agreeing upon that if the other terms were satisfactory. It does stipulate for a virtual moratorium of four years. When the payments begin, in 1927, they will amount to 1,200,000,000 gold marks annually. They will be secured by a first charge on the assets of the German railway system, a tax mortgage on the general trade and business of the country and special excise taxes on tobacco, wine, beer and sugar.

The French government does not like the four years' delay in beginning payment; it believes that Germany hopes and expects that within that period events will have made it possible to avoid any payment at all. It does not mean to abandon the Ruhr until the German payments actually begin and there are better guaranties for payment than now appear. The Germans on the other hand want first of all to get the French out of the Ruhr and believe that, if a conference can be held at which Great Britain is represented, they can count on British support in that demand. Where Italy would stand we cannot tell. Signor Mussolini has said that Germany ought certainly to pay, but that no nation must be permitted to set up any kind of hegemony in Europe. It is French hegemony in Europe that the public men of Great Britain are afraid of, and it is the military occupation of the Ruhr that makes such a hegemony plausible enough to be feared.

So we see that political considerations complicate and confuse the whole reparations question. If Germany were sincerely desirous of paying reparations instead of trying every possible means of evading them, and if the European interests of France and Great Britain were sufficiently similar to permit the two nations to agree upon some policy, the whole thing could be arranged at any time, would have been arranged, indeed, four years ago. As it is, offers and discussions alike seem insincere and futile. There is something at stake more important than the financial arrangements with Germany, and that is the political future of Europe. Whatever Germany does, whatever France does, whatever Great Britain or Italy does—it is not of the reparations payments but of the political future that the different governments are thinking.

ECONOMIC EQUALITY

IF every man got exactly what he is worth, there would still be inequality so long as some men do more or better work than others. There might even be poverty if there were some who were unable or unwilling to do well anything that anyone wants done. It is scarcely conceivable that different persons in the same occupation can all do equally good work and earn or deserve equal incomes. To assure them equal incomes would violate the principle of justice that prescribes that everyone shall get what he is worth. The most that can be hoped for is that we can reach something that approaches equality among occupations. When, all things considered, those that follow one occupation are on the average virtually as well off as those that follow any other occupation we shall have gone as far in the direction of equality as justice can ever require.

Allowance must be made, of course, for the cost of training, in time, effort and money. It would really be inequality if an occupation that requires little training received as high wages as one that requires long and expensive training. It is as important

that allowance should be made for the risks of failure. That a few artists earn immense incomes does not prove that artists as a class are prosperous. Before we conclude that business men as a class are highly prosperous we must balance against the gains of those who succeed the many failures among those who attempt business careers and also the losses of business men who stay in business.

The rapid rise in wages in those occupations that in the days of free immigration were poorly paid, the heavy war taxes, the high cost of training for the professions and the large percentage of failure of those who enter business and professional life indicate that we are approaching a condition of equality of prosperity among occupations. But equality among individuals, as was pointed out in the beginning of this article, is quite a different matter.

MEMORIES

HOW often do you dwell upon your memories? The habit, carried to excess, produces a melancholy inertia of the mind; if it is indulged little or not at all, the past has no lessons, and the heart and mind are absorbed wholly in material things. Most people after reaching middle life let their minds turn increasingly to memories—partly because only in memory are they able any longer to see persons who were once dear to them, and partly because the impulse to meditate comes with lessening physical activity.

Perhaps the most curious phenomenon about memories is their inconsequence. Many of those that recur with unvarying distinctness are of moments and episodes that had no special significance. Why should those moments be recorded so vividly on the dial of the mind and others more pregnant with meaning in our personal history be hidden in a haze that never lifts? A vision of a smiling face at a certain place and time, a bit of talk over the telephone, the inflection of a voice, one moment in a day of companionship from which all other moments have vanished—such little fragments from past years remain with us, memories too unsubstantial to be framed in words or to be made vivid to others than ourselves. They have as much charm for us as those of our more triumphant moments have; perhaps they come to us more often in their tantalizing incompleteness.

There are the memories too that make us wince, that we flinch from recalling, and that we cannot escape. They present themselves as often as the more pleasant memories; we cannot exclude them. Anyone who has such memories—and what person with any experience of life has not?—must reject as quite false Tennyson's assertion that "sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

In the memories of happier things there is sorrow always, but there is sweetness too. "Sorrow's crown of sorrow" is in remembering unhappy episodes of happier days.

MORE IRON DISCOVERED

SOME three thousand years ago when the way to smelt iron ore was discovered mankind entered the iron age, in which it still lives. It may be that an aluminum age will follow when all the iron in the crust of the earth has been mined.

That will probably be a long way in the future, for iron is widely distributed among the rocks of the earth's surface; but it may not be so far off as we think. Some scientific men take a discouraging view of the matter and declare that the visible supply of iron will be exhausted in seventy-five or a hundred or a hundred and fifty years. But in order to reach that conclusion they must have reckoned only upon the high-grade ores that are now mined. When those are gone there will still be a great amount of rock that contains iron in quantities too small to be profitably extracted in competition with high-grade ore, but that could be utilized in case of necessity.

But it appears that the geologists have recently uncovered an extraordinarily rich bed of iron ore in Brazil—enough in itself to insure the supply of iron for a number of centuries. Dr. Farrington, one of the curators of the Field Columbian Museum, has just returned from Brazil. He is quoted as saying that the deposits will prove to be the greatest and most valuable in the world. They cover thousands of square miles in the province of Minas Geraes and in most places lie close to the surface, so that expensive excavation

will not be necessary. There are hills and mountains of iron ore and horizontal beds that lie on the prairies at the foot of the ranges. Most of the iron is pure—as pure as any that has ever been smelted, so pure that the natives of Brazil smelt it easily and make useful objects from it, although they use only the crudest methods and the most primitive kind of furnace.

The iron country lies approximately four hundred miles almost due north of Rio de Janeiro. It is in a thinly settled, subtropical region, the population of which is chiefly a blend of Indian and negro. The standard of living is low, and the natives have neither the ambition nor the skill to make use of the extraordinary wealth that lies under their feet. The problem of transportation is at present serious, for the greater part of the iron country lies several days' journey from the nearest railway line; but there would be no great obstacle to building a railway line into Itabira or some other village in the heart of the district. Some day a road will be built, and Brazil will become one of the great sources of the world's iron. Dr. Farrington suggests that, with the perfection of an electric furnace that can be cheaply run by hydraulic power, Brazil may in time produce more iron and steel than any other country. When Birmingham and Pittsburgh and Essen are forgotten, Itabira, seated there at the foot of its mountains of iron ore, may be the greatest and richest forge town in the world.

WHAT TO DO ABOUT SKILLED LABOR

ONE of the serious problems that the country is facing is the disappearance of the skilled laborer, especially in the important building trades. The apprenticeship system, which used to supply the necessary new blood to those trades, and which still exists in most European countries, has broken down almost everywhere in the United States. In Boston, where at least three or four hundred journeymen carpenters should be added to the trade every year in order to replace the men who are passing out, there were at last reports only fifty-two apprentices in all stages of instruction. In New York, where the union rules—none too liberal—would permit two thousand four hundred apprentices, there are only two hundred and forty. The case is the same with the masons, the plumbers, the painters. Young men do not offer themselves for those occupations. The situation is already alarming the men who are engaged in building. Within a few years it will be alarming everyone. Building will grow steadily more expensive and then next to impossible if the present state of affairs continues.

The chief trouble seems to be that the young men are attracted to the mechanical trades, and particularly to automobile work, either as machinists or chauffeurs; and that in turn is because they can begin to earn money at once and can reach the maximum of their earning power with little careful training. In machine work men with no particular training are as useful as really skilled workmen. The Emergency Fleet Corporation found that nineteen days was on the average all the time that a man needed to fit him to do the machine work that was required of him. In a factory where "production" methods are used relatively unskilled labor can do almost anything that has to be done, and the men draw as much pay as the workmen get in factories where a great deal of skilled handwork is required. A few days will fit a man to be a chauffeur. Several years of careful instruction and laborious practice are necessary to produce a really skilled carpenter or mason or plumber or interior decorator. Boys are in so much of a hurry to make money that they will not spend the time to educate themselves for work that does not in the long run pay them much, if any, better. Moreover, the triumph of the machine has killed almost all the appreciation of fine work and almost all the pride of the workman. Not many boys can be stirred today by the ambition to make something really beautiful. That sort of thing "doesn't pay" any more.

What is to be done? Wisconsin has tried to put life into the apprenticeship system by liberalizing the provisions for pay and setting up a public board of supervision to direct the education of apprentices. In many states there are trade schools that enable a boy to learn the rudiments of his calling while he is still of school age, and that graduate him into a job that pays from the beginning. But so far those schools have done more for the shop

worker, the machinist and the textile worker than for the depleted building trades; nor, when courses in carpentry and painting and so forth are offered do the boys crowd into them. The trade school, however, does seem the likeliest way out of the unfortunate situation; and, since demand does after all tend to produce supply, we may hope that the necessity for building will in the end produce skilled men to do the work. Otherwise,—and this is not so absurd as it sounds,—we may come to making every kind of building—houses, churches, shops and schools—out of concrete, poured by unskilled laborers into standardized molds. That would give us shelter, but it would make a monotonous and unlovely world.

The Editor's BULLETIN BOARD

SARAH'S DAKIN,

the charming dog story that Miss Robinson wrote for this number, will be followed next week with a sequel even more delightful. Sarah and Dakin play each a characteristic part in the new story, which is entitled

DAKIN EARNS HIS BONES

A thrilling story of adventure in an airplane,

STEADY NOW!

and a story of racing small boats, entitled

THE BOOMERANG

and appropriate to the holiday season, are other notable pieces of fiction in the number.

THE DEPARTMENT PAGES

will contain among many other things these three articles:

The Points of a Dog

Decorative Use for Sealing Wax
Shanty-Boat Tripping

CURRENT EVENTS

IT is difficult for us to understand the hold that betting has on almost all classes in England, particularly betting on horse races. It is reported that when the Derby was run last month more than \$25,000,000 changed hands. Much was wagered at the race track or between individual betters, but perhaps still more was ventured in sweepstakes, where the contributors to the pool draw the names of the horses and so profit or lose not on their judgment of the horses but through blind chance. The proposal of the premier, Mr. Baldwin, to put a tax on all bets would, if put into effect, add a sum by no means insignificant to the revenues.

THE *coup d'état* in Bulgaria may turn out to be a political event of the first importance, or it may not. What happened is this: The classes formerly influential in the government and industry of the country, supported by the army officers, both those who are in active service and those who were retired when the Bulgarian army was cut down at the demand of the Allies, upset the government of Premier Stamboulisky, of which they did not at all approve, and killed him when he tried to escape from the party that arrested him. Stamboulisky was the head of the Agrarian, or peasant, party. He had laws passed that put the cost of the war on the shoulders of the city people and those who are interested in industry as opposed to farming; he had the politicians who took Bulgaria into the war on the side of Germany convicted of treason, and when he could lay his hands on them he put them into prison. He made unpopular laws for compulsory labor in state-directed works. He was inclined to be arbitrary in his methods and ignored the King, young Boris, much as the Mayors of the Palace used to ignore the old Merovingian kings. So he had many enemies, particularly in Sofia, the capital and chief city of the country, and they were strong enough to unseat him, at least for the moment. But the policies that the premier represented are still popular with the peasantry and the small farmers who make up four fifths of the population. As we write, the country people are reported to be rising against the revolutionaries, and there may be fierce civil war before the affair is settled. Civil war in the Balkans

may lead to anything, even to another general European war, though fortunately, under present conditions, a new war is not likely. The Bulgarian *coup* has been attributed to the spirit of Fascism, but that is not true. It is rather the reaction of the old pro-German, aristocratic and commercial classes against the rule of the peasant majority, which they condemn for accepting the results of the war too humbly. They find their inspiration in Kemal rather than in Mussolini.

ONLY the other day a jury awarded damages of \$15,000 and costs of \$10,000 to a woman whose husband had been killed by a bale of cotton that fell on him. The damages may have been ample, but the point is that the fatal accident occurred twelve years ago and that the case has been dawdling through the courts ever since. Even now another appeal is announced. That is not a proper sort of justice; court procedure that permits such unconscionable delays ought somehow to be reformed. If the woman was fairly entitled to an award, she should have had it when the money was needed to bring up the family of small children with which she was left. If she did not deserve it, the case should have been cleared from the docket years ago.

THERE are those on both sides of the border who are not ashamed to oppose better relations between Mexico and the United States. Since the American representatives arrived in Mexico City to begin negotiations for a renewal of diplomatic relations between the two countries they have received threatening letters and an infernal machine has exploded on the steps of the American consulate. It is uncertain which party is responsible for the outrages. Some accuse the Bolsheviks; others, among whom is President Obregon, think that the Conservatives, his political enemies, are to blame.

WHEN the war ended, Austria was in the worst of situations; no one could see any hope for it, stripped, as it was, of all its wealth-producing territories and reduced to political and financial bankruptcy. Yet today its currency is stabilized and worth more than that of Germany. Its administration is reformed, business is improving, a balanced budget is in sight, and a great international loan, obtained through the League of Nations, has been oversubscribed. If there ever was any doubt that the threatened bankruptcy of Germany and its frightfully debased currency is unnecessary and deliberate, the experience of Austria proves it. Financially and industrially Germany is twenty times stronger than the present Austria. As soon as the German government makes up its mind to do so it can stabilize its currency and return to solvency; but it is more concerned at present to make excuses for not paying reparations.

THE "flivver" aeroplane has arrived. It is only fifteen feet long and has a wing spread of forty feet. The motor is of twelve horse power, and the little machine can get up a speed of seventy miles an hour. It will rise and land in a comparatively narrow space and "takes off" when going only ten miles an hour. The pilot, a Frenchman named Barbot, says that the aeroplanes can be built in quantity for \$400 each, and that they will fly one hundred and twenty-five miles on a gallon of gasoline.

THE Supreme Court has ruled that a law that forbids instruction in any particular foreign language is an unconstitutional infringement on the rights of the citizen and of no effect. The decision upsets a number of state laws that were passed during the war to prohibit instruction in German in the public schools. Those laws were never wise, and they should have been repealed long ago. The state cannot with justice close the door to any sort of useful knowledge.

ANOTHER decision by the Supreme Court holds that a state cannot prohibit or restrict the exportation of its products in interstate commerce. The case in point dealt with the attempts of certain states to regulate the flow of natural gas across their boundaries. It appears to the layman that the court must also believe that a state cannot prevent its citizens from exporting electric power produced within its boundaries, as some states are inclined to do. Justices Holmes, Brandeis and McReynolds dissented from the decision.



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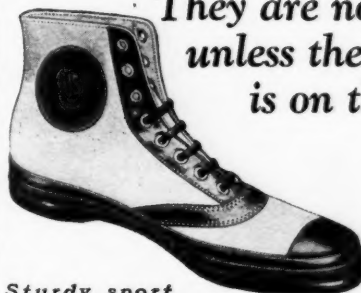
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CHILDREN'S PAGE

MAGIC

By Josephine Ames Baker

THIS is the story of a little girl who was lonely. She had no little sister and no little brother. All of the other children that lived on her street were in school, and because the little girl was too young to go to school she was very lonely.

One day as she was standing under the apple tree, trying to think of some game that she could play all by herself, she heard a strange noise that sounded as if it had come from just over her head:

"Tu-whit, tu-whit, tu-who-o-oo!
Now what's the matter with you?"

The lonely little girl looked up and saw a great bird sitting on a branch of the apple tree. When he saw her looking at him he spoke again:

"Tu-whit, tu-whit, tu-who-o-oo!
What is the matter with you?"

"I am lonely," said the little girl. "I have no one to play with."

"Tu-whit, tu-whit, tu-who-o-oo!
I'll soon mend that for you."

"I am Mr. Wise Owl, and I can mend anything. Look beside you."

So the little girl looked, and there at her side was a small gray kitten.

"Oh, that is only my Kitty Gray Cat," said the little girl. "I want something new to play with."

"Look again," said Mr. Wise Owl.

So the little girl looked again, and there at her side was a black puppy dog.

"Oh, that is only my Perky Pup Dog," said the little girl. "I want something new to play with. Can't you help me, after all?"

"Tu-whit, tu-whit, tu-who-o-oo!
Of course I can help you-oo!
If you will wait one minute,
I'll put some magic in it!"

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried the little girl. "I just love magic!"

She waited one minute, and the magic began to work. Kitty Gray Cat began to look queer. Her tail grew black and waggy, her ears long and floppy and her paws big and shaggy—just as Perky Pup Dog's had been. I say "had been," for Perky Pup Dog's tail was now gray and furry, his ears were short and pointed, and his paws small and clawy,

just as Kitty Gray Cat's had been. The little girl clapped her hands with joy. She was too excited to be lonely now.

"Mi-aow, mi-aow," cried Perky Pup Dog, and by using his sharp claws he climbed up into the apple tree, where he sat on the branch below Mr. Wise Owl.

"Bow, wow, wow!" cried Kitty Gray Cat, and she wagged her new black tail and flapped her new long ears. She couldn't climb trees now, for she had puppy paws; so she stayed on the ground and barked and jumped up to lick the little girl's hand.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the little girl. It was very funny. "Ha, ha, ha!" she laughed.

Perky Pup Dog sat in the apple tree and grinned.

Mr. Wise Owl said:

"Tu-whit, tu-whit, tu-who-o-oo!
Take them to walk with you."

So the little girl went out of the yard and down the road with Perky Pup Dog trotting beside her, holding his gray furry tail high and stepping daintily along on his soft

DRAWN BY JOSEPHINE AMES BAKER



"Tu-whit, tu-whit, tu-who-o-oo!
I'll soon mend that for you"

and silky kitty paws. Kitty Gray Cat ran in great circles round them, capering round on her new puppy paws and barking at everything she saw.

"Bow, wow, wow!" barked Kitty Gray Cat.

"Mi-aow, mi-aow!" said Perky Pup Dog. "Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the little girl.



TRAVELING

Verses and Drawing by
Grace Edwards Weason

The aeroplane's too high for me,
Too fast the motor car;
My car without an engine runs
And never goes too far.

It isn't noisy like a train,
Yet travels high and low.
I simply tumble in and say
"Get up!" and off I go.

Well, they went up the hill and down the hill, and they came to the small shining store of silver, gleaming in the sun, and I am sure it was a magic store. They went in at the small silver door and bought a big bone, a meadow mouse and a lollipop.

"Let us sit on the silver seat in front of the shining store and have a feast," said the little girl. "There is a bone for the dog and a mouse for the cat and a lollipop for me."

Perky Pup Dog said:

"Mi-aow, mi-aow, mi-a-ow!
I want the mouse now!"

Now the little girl didn't want Perky Pup Dog to eat a mouse. Mice are for cats. But Kitty Gray Cat said:

"Bow, wow, wow!
I want the bone now!"

The little girl didn't want Kitty Gray Cat to eat the big bone because big bones are for dogs. So she said:

"I don't know what to do;
I'll ask Tu-whit, tu-who-oo."

Then they walked up the hill and down the hill until they came to the little girl's house. There in the apple tree sat Mr. Wise Owl, and they told him all about it at once.

"Tu-whit, tu-whit, tu-who-o-oo!
I'll soon mend that for you;
Look down at your side,"

Mr. Wise Owl cried.

The little girl looked, and there was Kitty Gray Cat just like her old self—tail, paws

and all. And the little girl was so glad! And there was Perky Pup Dog just like his old self. He was wagging his tail.

"Come here, you darlings," cried the little girl.

But they were not listening. Perky Pup Dog was gnawing the big bone, and Kitty Gray Cat was eating the meadow mouse.

"O dear," began the little girl, "now I shall be lonely again!" But she heard Mr. Wise Owl speaking. He looked very wise indeed. "I amused you with my magic, but you didn't know what to do with it. Let me tell you a secret: you will never be lonely if you use your own magic."

"But I haven't any magic," cried the lonely little girl.

"Tu-whit, tu-whit, tu-who-o-oo!
I'll show you that you do.
Think hard and you'll perceive
It's magic make-believe!"

Then Mr. Wise Owl told the little girl more about it. "If you use your own make-believe and not depend upon some one else," he said, "you can make magic begin whenever you wish and end whenever you wish. It never will trouble you, and it will always keep you from being lonely."

When he had said that he flew from the apple tree, and to this day the little girl hasn't seen him again; but she always remembered what he said, and she found that it was true.

☺ ☺

The Dam That Wasn't Built By Pringle Barret

The beavers worked and worked and worked
To build the beaver dam.
They all helped out from Father Dick
To tiny Beaver Sam.

The neighbors came from all about
To see the structure grow—
The owl, the bear, the kangaroo,
The squirrel and the crow.

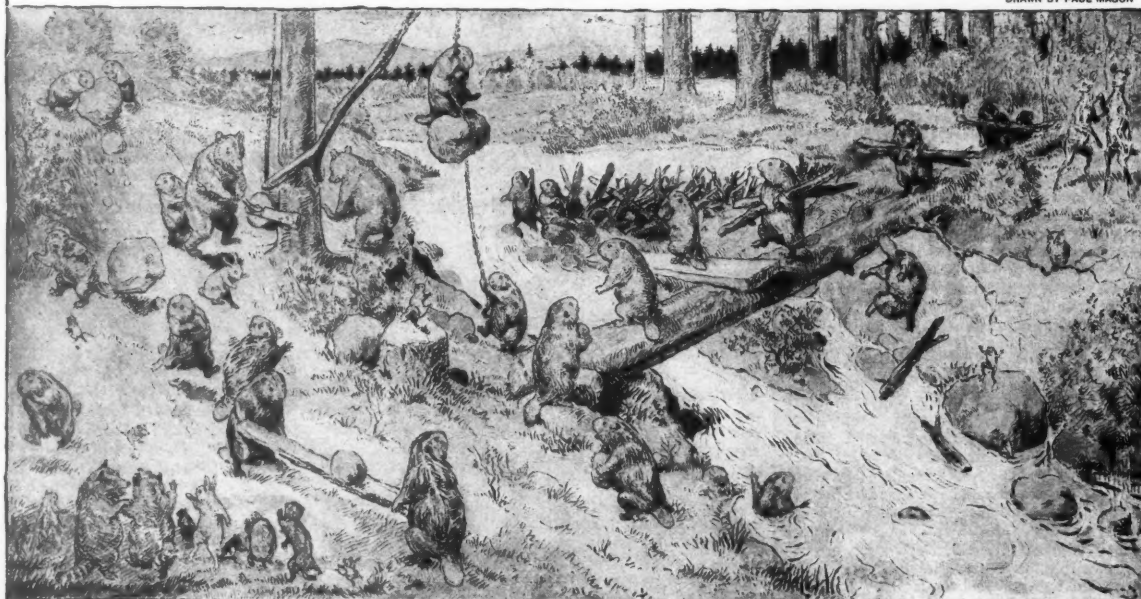
The little frog upon the rock
Began to sing a song,
"Kerplunk, kerplunk, kerplunk,"
He thought he'd help along.

But when the frog began to sing
It made the beavers dance,
And all the creatures round about
Began to skip and prance.

They danced and danced and danced and danced.
Their work they did forget;
And if the frog were singing still,
They might be dancing yet.

At any rate they all took part
From Father Dick to Sam,
And when they stopped they were so tired
They could not build the dam!

DRAWN BY PAUL MASON



THE BUZZING CLOUD ADVENTURE

By Beatrice Heller Oxley

WHENEVER Jim and Alice and Peter went to the woods they had some kind of adventure. That was why they liked to go. Of course they loved the flowers and the mossy rocks and the path specked with sunlight, but most of all they loved to think that wonderful and beautiful adventures waited for them under the great trees.

One warm afternoon they set out for an adventure. Jim walked ahead on the path, balancing a willow wand on the tip of his finger. Peter, who was only five, walked close behind him. Alice came last, looking on both sides of the path for the brightest flowers and the ripest berries. The children always walked in that way so that Peter couldn't get lost in the bushes and so that big sister should be near to help him over the hard places.

Peter was singing softly a little song about fairies that eat only honey out of the flowers. It was a rule of their walks that Peter must always sing softly and must stop quite still when Jim or Alice said, "Hush!"

They had gone as far as where the hickory tree stood when Jim whispered, "Hush!"

All the air was filled with a sound that the children had never heard before. It seemed to come from far away, and then it seemed to be near them and then all round their heads. It sounded like leaves whirling in a storm or like the rapids in the creek. It was a buzzing, a humming and a droning sound.

Jim and Alice listened as if they were ready to run, and each of them had put out a hand to take hold of Peter's. They looked first into the woods and then up the cow lane in the pasture to find where the sound came from.

Peter was too much interested in the sound himself to pay any attention to their hands. Besides, he didn't like to be helped all the time. First of all he looked at the yellow

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mullein flowers to see whether the sound might be made by a flock of fairies gathering honey there. Then he looked up into the sky, because he hoped it was an aeroplane. Then he saw something that made him cry right out, "Oh, it's a buzzing thundercloud!"

The three children ran back to the pasture bars as fast as they could go, for truly right out from among the tops of the tall trees in the woods was coming a black, noisy cloud. Not Alice or Jim or Peter had ever seen such a queer cloud before, so noisy and so near the ground. It whirled and buzzed and came straight toward the hickory tree, where it stopped among the branches and seemed to fill the tree with a storm.

Suddenly Jim said, "It's bees. It must be a swarm of bees." And so it was.

After the humming had grown less loud the children crept back to the foot of the hill. There they found that a few bees were still flying about, but that most of them, by clinging to one another, had made themselves into a black ball as large as a water pail, and that the ball was hanging from one of the branches of the tree.

In great excitement Jim and Peter and Alice ran home to tell their father. He brought a beehive and carefully coaxed the bees into it. He had never kept bees before, but he found it so interesting that he now has many other hives, each with a swarm in it; and Jim and Alice and especially Peter are very proud of their own hive, and they think that the honey from it is sweeter than any other honey in the world.

THE ROCKING-HORSE HORSE

By Mary Carolyn Davies

*The rocking-horse horse is not really a horse;
The fuzzy gray cat's not a cat;
The woolly white dog is not really a dog;
And, oh, I am thankful for that!*

If the rocking-horse horse had been really a horse,

*'Twouldn't stay in my nursery long;
And the rabbit would have to be out in a hutch,
For that is where rabbits belong.*

Oh, I'm glad that my pets are of cloth, wood and paint;

*For if they'd been real ones instead,
How could I have carried them all up the stairs
And taken them with me to bed?*

BILLY'S BIRTHDAY CAKE

By Jessie M. Lathrop

WHEN the twins were seven years old they went to their first party. They had a good time, but what pleased them most was the big birthday cake with candles in rosebud holders. They had never before seen such a cake and were much excited about it.

Their brother Billy's birthday came soon after the party, but mother replied to their eager questions that there wasn't money to spare even for a plain cake, and certainly not for one with candles.

Billy laughed and said he supposed that birthday cakes with candles would be all right for little folks, but when a fellow was eleven and had a paper route he didn't mind—very much—not having one. Besides, next year he would be twelve and old enough to join the Boy Scouts, and then he would be too big for any kind of birthday cake.

"Perhaps you are too big after you are twelve," said Sally. "Mother never has one."

"We'll save our pennies and buy Billy a surprise one next year," said Sam. "He must have one birthday cake before he's too old."

So Sam and Sally earned and saved a few pennies, but when you are seven a year is a long time and you forget.

When their own birthday came mother was sick; so of course they didn't expect a cake; besides, as Sally said, they were only eight years old, and there was plenty of time. But again they thought of the cake they had planned for Billy's next birthday. Again they saved a few pennies, but when mother didn't have quite enough money for Sam's new shoes they emptied their bank to help buy them. Then they forgot again until one morning Billy said, "Thursday I shall be twelve years old and then I can be a scout!"

Sam thought of the cake and looked at Sally. Sally looked at Sam and slowly shook

her head. But when Billy went to feed the hens a little later the twins asked mother about the cake.

"It would be lovely," agreed mother, "and I think I can manage to bake a cake, but I'm afraid I can't spare any money for candles. We couldn't ask Billy for any either, could we? Besides, Billy is saving for a new suit."

"O mother," pleaded Sally, "he must have one regular birthday cake before he is too old! Couldn't we?"

"Twinnies," said mother, "if Billy is to have candles on his birthday cake, you will have to earn them."

"Maybe," said Sally on the way to school, "Mrs. Burns would like to have me care for the baby after school."

"I'll ask Mrs. Hill if she wants her garden watered," said Sam.

Mrs. Burns was glad when Sally came, and after the baby went to sleep she gave Sally a big orange.

Sam watered Mrs. Hill's garden and received a stick of peppermint candy.

The next evening Sally went to the grocery store for Mrs. Burns and received another orange. Mrs. Hill asked Sam to find her cat and gave him another stick of candy when he brought the cat home.

"O dear!" said Sally. "The candy and oranges are good, but—Well, maybe they didn't have any pennies."

The next day was Billy's birthday. He whistled when he fed the hens and laughed when he divided the oranges and the candy.

"I shall have the cake ready for supper," mother whispered to the twins before they went to school.

"We must have candles for it; it won't be a truly birthday cake without them," Sam and Sally agreed as they walked slowly along.

After school they ran home. Mother was sewing by the kitchen window; Billy was delivering papers; the cake, covered with white frosting, was on the kitchen table.

"O mother, it's beautiful, but we must have candles," pleaded Sally.

"I think," said mother, threading a needle, "that twelve funny turtles made of raisins with cloves for head and tail and feet would be as good a decoration for the cake as candles would be. I can show you how to make them."

"O mother, the turtles would be all right, but—" began Sally. A big tear rolled down her cheek.

"Well, then," said mother, "I have a plan. I've just finished this dress for Mrs. Gray, and you may take it to her. She always pays at once for the sewing I do for her, and you may take ten cents and buy some candles."

"O mother," breathed Sally, "and can't we take ten cents more and buy twelve rosebud holders to put the candles in? Then the wax won't drip on the cake."

Mother shook her head. "No, dear," she said, "ten cents is all we can spare. Besides, we shan't mind if the wax does drip a bit, shall we?"

"Of course not," said the twins happily. The dress was wrapped up and the children carried it carefully over to Mrs. Gray's. They rang the bell and waited. Presently the maid came to the door and opened it. "Mrs. Gray isn't at home just now," she said. "She'll pay your mother tomorrow."

The twins walked home slowly. Sam shuffled his feet; Sally wiped away a tear; neither said a word. Then they both stopped short, for right there on the walk was a bright shining coin.

"It's a dime!" shouted Sally. "And we found it! Let's run and show it to mother."

"I wonder who lost—" began Sam and then stopped, for a little in front of them walked Mr. Noble, the minister.

"Maybe he lost it," Sam went on, "and we must give it back."

"O dear," wailed Sally; "must we, Sam?"

"Well, you know what mother would say, don't you? Let's hurry and get it over with."

"Lose a dime?" repeated Mr. Noble when the children rather breathlessly questioned him. "Now let me see." He gravely put his hand into his trousers pocket and drew out a handful of coins.

The twins watched eagerly. Mr. Noble looked at their anxious little faces and his eyes twinkled.

"No," he said, "I haven't lost a dime; I seem to have one more than I need. Now, Sam, if you will keep the dime you found and Sally will take the one I don't need, we shall all be happy."

"Thank you! Thank you!" gasped the twins and ran for home.

"We'll buy pink candles!" shouted Sam. "And pink rosebud holders!" sang Sally.

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THE LAST LOAD

By John Elliot Bowman

*The toil in the sun is forgotten
In the years that have passed since then:
The drag at the rake on the hummocks,
Keeping up with the hired men;
The strain as we bore the haycocks
From the meadow across the brook—
These seem as old as a tale that is told,
Or a print in a tattered book:
A story of some one; was it I?
A picture faded and worn
In a book that has been for years laid by
With half of its pages torn.*

*But I close my eyes, and the fragrance comes
Of that last rustling load,
With its savor of rushes and meadow rue.
(There were cranberry vines and sweet grass
too.)
Wists clung to the bushes along our way.
We lay at ease in the well-made hay.
They lowered the pasture bars;
And the last load creaked up Wyman Road
Beneath the benignant stars.*

DRIVING AWAY THE VULTURES

"I CAN'T serve God wholeheartedly unless I am sure, Miss Clemens," said Marion, "and I keep thinking that perhaps there is no God at all. There are moments when I feel almost sure there is not. How could any good God permit the terrible things to happen that do happen? On the other hand, I sometimes think that these dreadful things are our own fault. But if there is a loving God, Miss Clemens, I want to know it definitely!"

"And you may know," answered Miss Clemens. "Do you remember that the Lord promised Abraham that his seed should be as the stars of heaven in number? Abraham was like you; he wanted to be sure, and he said, 'Whereby shall I know?' God said he should prepare a sacrifice, just as if he were going to make a covenant with a friend."

"Abraham prepared the sacrifice and divided it into halves; according to the custom, the contracting parties would pass between the divided sacrifice in token of agreement. Abraham solemnly passed between, but God did not appear to seal the covenant on his side. Abraham waited all day, and as the vultures swooped down he patiently drove them away. It was not till evening that he saw the smoking furnace, the symbol of God's presence, passing between the sacrifices and heard a voice say, 'Know of a surety.'"

"Human nature hasn't changed much since Abraham; we still want to know. But if we expect to get the assurance that Abraham got, we must do as he did, faithfully perform our part of the covenant and wait for God to perform his."

"It seems to me I have tried," said Marion. "Yes, but remember that all day Abraham stood and drove away the vultures. It may seem to you a long, dreary time that you are forced to stand and drive away the mocking vultures of doubt, but that is your part of the covenant. And perhaps in the most unexpected manner and at the most unexpected time you will see God passing between the sacrifices. But be sure that He will! There can be no shadow of doubt about it. Too many earnest souls have proved Him; too many patient waiters have heard his voice out of the darkness saying, 'Know of a surety.'"

"I knew you could help me," said Marion as she rose to go. "I'll keep driving away the vultures."

JUDITH PROVES HER THEORY

"YOU needn't talk to me!" Rilda Anderson cried; her eyes were stormy, and her mouth was mutinous. "It's luck, that's all it is. And when you're born unlucky it's no use trying to get anywhere."

"Who's born unlucky?" demanded Judith Marlow, her roommate. "Not you or I surely with this big sunny comfortable room and those two dear old people mothering us."

"It's all very well to talk about those two dear old people, but what I want is young people and good times. That's what I came to the city for. Over at the club the girls have the best times,—something going on every evening,—but when I try to get in I'm told there's a long waiting list. Lots of girls make friends in their offices, but we're tucked away in an office with two old maids and one old man. I might as well be at home

with Aunt Maria. You can be perfectly happy with a book, Judith, but I'm made differently."

"Why don't you change things?" inquired Judith. "There are lots of ways to get acquainted,—churches, community rooms and choruses,—oh, heaps of ways!"

"Churches! I've tried two. Cold-storage houses—that's what they are. And I went to one of the community evenings, and except for the little select group it was as lively as the crossroads at home! I tell you, Judith, you can't change your luck."

Judith closed her book. "I don't believe it," she declared. "I'm going to put it to the test. And I'm going to begin tonight. Come with me?"

"Where?"

"To the church supper Miss Adams was trying to get us to go to."

"Not much!" Rilda retorted.

So Judith went alone. She came back smiling, but Rilda asked no questions. The next night Judith went to the despised community club; and the third evening she went to a Christian Endeavor social.

"You seem very gay," Rilda remarked when Judith returned.

"I'm proving my theory," Judith responded.

Wednesday night Rilda begged Judith to go to an entertainment with her, but Judith shook her head laughingly. "Can't. Haven't a spare evening for a week."

Rilda stared at her in astonishment. "A week! Judith Marlow!"

"Yes; I've proved my theory," Judith replied. "Truly, it's been wonderful, Rilda. There are so many open doors if only you will see them. Tonight I'm going to take dinner with a lovely lady I met at the church supper. She has a son and a daughter our age. Tomorrow is the chorus. Friday there's a concert, and Saturday I've promised to be one of the hostesses at a community evening. They aren't stand-offish the least bit; they want people to help. Rilda, if you'd only go a quarter of the way!"

Rilda shook her head impatiently. "Some people are lucky, and some aren't, and that's all there is about it," she replied.

KEEPING A HAND ON YOUR CORRESPONDENT

THE born writer of memoirs rambles on aimlessly, and almost any bit of his reminiscences is entertaining. Mr. E. A. Ward, the English portrait painter, is such a writer. In the Cornhill Magazine he has a thousand stories to tell, all readable and illuminating of character or of social background. Thus he says in his remarks about newspaper men he has known:

I remember Sir John Robinson's telling me that in the Daily News, of which Henry Labouchère was at that time a large shareholder, the finances of the paper were in a very anemic condition. Robinson began to wonder where the money was coming from to meet the daily bill of costs, including the item of his own salary. Labouchère advised him not to worry about trifles of that kind, but to accept shares in lieu of ready money.

Robinson took the advice, and as the Daily News became a highly prosperous property the shares proved a lucrative investment. Years afterwards Robinson tried to thank Labouchère for putting him into such an exceedingly good thing; but Labouchère said, "My dear fellow, you are quite mistaken. I never did anything of the kind."

Robinson, happening to meet Archibald Forbes in Fleet Street at the beginning of the Franco-Prussian War, seized him by the arm and dragged him along to his room at the Daily News office. "Now!" he cried. "Will you sign on as war correspondent for the Daily News? Any terms you like."

Forbes assented; the necessary documents were duly signed, and he rose to take his leave and make his preparations for the campaign; but Robinson sternly refused to allow him to leave the office until the moment arrived for catching his train at Charing Cross to convey him to the war zone.

"But I must go home to get my kit and to say good-by to my people!" protested Forbes.

"You will do nothing of the sort," said Robinson. "Sit down and make a list of your requirements, and I will send out and purchase everything you want and then will see you off by the first train for the front. You were in my pay and service from the moment this document was signed, and I am taking no chances of any wealthy newspaper proprietors' tempting you to break your contract."

A makeshift bed was rigged up there in Robinson's room at the office, and Forbes spent the night under war conditions as Robinson's prisoner in Bouverie Street. That those extreme measures were amply justified is known to every student versed in the history of the daily newspapers of the time.

A BOUQUET OF "HOWLERS"

WE find in the London Times another amusing collection of "howlers," as the English call the ludicrously wrong answers that teachers occasionally find in schoolboys' examination papers. In translating from the Latin the most amusing blunders are these:

"De mortuis nil nisi bonum means 'There's nothing but bones in the dead.'" "Ne plus ultra is 'There's nothing beyond Ulster.'" "Tertium quid is a legal term meaning six shillings and eight pence." The point of the last answer lies in

the fact that in England "quid" is the slang word for a pound sterling, of course worth twenty shillings.

There are some excellent examples of miscellaneous misinformation. "A grass widow," we are told, "is the wife of a dead vegetarian." The author of "Britain has a temporary climate" was evidently a youthful cynic, and we suspect him of being the same boy who defined "ambiguity" as "telling the truth when you don't mean to."

Other specimens are: "Letters in sloping print are hysterics." "Etiquette is the noise you make when you sneeze."

In the departments of history, geography, grammar and literature the following occur:

"The capital of Norway is Christianity." "No one has yet succeeded in edifying the dark lady of the sonnets."

"The French Revolution was won violently, not by 'freedom slowly broadening down from President to President,' as Tennyson wrote."

"Oceania is that continent which contains no land."

"Mephistopheles was a Greek comic poet."

This geometrical axiom has a plausible sound: "Things that are equal to the same thing are equal to anything else." And who would be heartless enough to question the accuracy either of this statement: "One of the chief uses of water is to save people from drowning in"; or of this: "A circle is a rounded figure made up of a crooked straight line bent so that the ends meet." And a budding logician was the boy who wrote: "The plural of forget-me-not is forget-us-not."

ANOTHER HAY-MAKING ANIMAL

THE hay-making abilities of the American cony, a small rodent that lives in the Rocky Mountains, were recently described in The Companion. Now we learn from Dr. Ferdinand Ossendowski's book Beasts, Men and Gods of a rodent of Mongolia that apparently far exceeds the cony in the skill with which he makes his hay.

The champion haymaker is a gigantic black prairie rat with a short tail; he lives in colonies of from one hundred to two hundred. During the weeks when the grass is most succulent he actually mows it down with swift jerky swings of his head, cutting about twenty or thirty stalks at a sweep with his sharp long front teeth. Then he allows the grass to cure.

Later he puts up his hay in a most intelligent manner. First he makes a mound of it about a foot high; through it at the edges he pushes into the ground four slanting stakes converging toward the middle of the pile, and binds them close over the surface of the hay with the longest strands of grass. He leaves the ends protruding enough for him to add another foot to the height of the pile; then he binds the surface with more long strands. After that he is sure that his winter supply of food will not blow away. He always places his hay right at the door of his den; thus he avoids long winter hauls.

The horses and camels are fond of the small farmer's hay, because it is always made from the most nutritious grass. The haycocks are so strongly constructed that you can hardly kick them to pieces.

THE OUTRAGE



(Committed by the person in the middle of the front row.) —Arthur Watts in the Tatler.

THE AMAZING POWER OF TROUT AND BATS

TROUT fishermen assert that on the darkest of nights trout not only will seize an artificial fly but have the amazing power of distinguishing one variety of fly from another. Since men of science affirm that without light there can be no color the circumstance is hard to understand. Nevertheless, it is a fact that when the night is so dark that the fisherman cannot see the rod in his hand a trout will take the fly known as the parmachenee belle (wing of mixed red and white and body of yellow) and will refuse the coachman (white wing and bronze body). Moreover, fly-fishermen declare that a trout hooked at night will rush swiftly back and forth through water that is everywhere obstructed with rocks and submerged logs and yet will find no difficulty in avoiding all obstacles.

But if the ability of the trout to see in the

dark is remarkable, that of the bat is still more so. We think of the bat as being blind, yet the little creature seems to have no trouble in getting about even with its eyes covered. Prof. J. A. Thomson, who recently lectured in London on his experiments with bats, once strung many wires across a large room; then he blindfolded bats by bandaging the heads with ribbons of black silk. When he liberated the creatures they flew constantly and swiftly back and forth in the room, and not in a single instance did one of them come into contact with a wire!

MR. PEASLEE'S UGLY CAT

"HAVE you heard, Kellup," Deacon Hyne inquired sympathetically and at the same time with a certain interested relish in neighborhood excitement, "what Bascom Giles was sayin' about you down at the store this mornin'?"

Mr. Peaslee rested his hands on his shovel handle and his chin upon his hands. "I ain't heard a word about it," he said comfortably, "but I bet you I can give a pretty close guess at what it was. I reckon I can give it almost word for word if you want to listen."

The deacon, who was experienced in the wiles of Caleb, did not care to contradict; nevertheless he looked doubtful.

"He said," Caleb continued calmly, "that a neighbor that'd scare a man's calf most to death wa'n't much of a neighbor; and in the second place a man like that didn't show much humanity, and, if you didn't b'lieve him, you could go up to his place and look at the calf yourself and prove it; and for the third thing he didn't estimate the calf would ever fetch five dollars in the world the way it was cut up round the head; and fourth that I might say I didn't run the calf into a barb-wire fence, but he took the liberty to use his eyes and his reason; and for the fifth thing and to wind up with he was goin' to wait till Lawyer Blake got home, and I'd find out he could set up his Ebenezer fall as solid as I could mine! Ain't that about what he said, allowin' for my not bein' there to git it in jest the shape he said it?"

The deacon looked at him in wonder. "Somebody else's been along here and told you a'ready," he said. "I don't see how, though; I've just come straight from the store, and not a soul passed me since I started away."

"Nobody's been here," Caleb assured him soothingly. "You're the bearer of tidin's, if that comforts you any. How I happen to have it so letter-perfect is this: Bascom was here early this mornin', and a madder man I haven't tried to talk with for a long time; and seein' he said over and over what I've repeated to you, and seein' too that he didn't seem able to say anything else, I jest made a guess at what he'd be sayin' down at the store. Bascom's a kind of one-minded man, and for that reason when he gets what he knows is a good piece to speak he don't change it much."

"But, Kellup," demanded the now wholly sympathetic Mr. Hyne, "was any of it so? And you ain't been doin' anything he can have you took up for, have you?"

"Not a thing, Hyne," Caleb assured him comfortably. "I'm as willin' to tell you jest how it all happened as I was to tell Bascom, if he'd been willin' to stop talkin' long 'nough to listen a minute."

"Bascom's got a calf that his daughter's fetched up more or less of a cosset,—if you can git a calf cosseted as young as six weeks old,—and for the last week or ten days it's took to roamin' back and forth 'twixt Bascom's place and here. It got a lick of salt one day when I was saltin' the cattle, and every day since it's showed up here sometime durin' the forenoon."

"I spoke to Bascom about it one day and told him if he missed his calf like 'nough he'd find it up to my place; but I never threatened what I'd do nor anything of the kind, even if he did throw it out that I did threaten a bit when he was talkin'."

"The calf," Caleb went on, "not findin' any salt the second day, went nosin' round, I s'pose, with the idea of huntin' it up wherever I'd hid it. He didn't find any salt, but he upst a couple pecks of p'taters out in the shed that I'd measured up, and he got snarled up in some white things my wife had bleachin' out on the grass, and it jest happened Bascom was goin' by whilst she was herdin' him out onto the road with a broom. He got kind of red-faced and said short like he'd take care of the calf himself, so he led it off with him."

"As fur's techin' the calf went when he upst the p'taters, I never even harbored such a thought; I jest picked up the p'taters and shet the shed door to keep him out if he come back and then let it go out of my mind. And my wife could have hammered him all day with the broom and not much more'n took his attention off'n eatin'!"

"But this mornin' somethin' diff'rent come up. That old cat of ours—and you know she's near as big as a good-sized spaniel dog—has got four kittens out in the grain shed that opens out of my barn floor, and she's so ugly and fearful over 'em that I even go in kind of guarded when I'm after grain for the hosses. Get her started a mite and she's as spiteful as a wildcat!"

"But the calf of course couldn't be knowin' to that, so what does he do this mornin' whilst I'm down back of the barn but come wanderin' over here huntin' for salt as usual, and, findin' the grain-shed door open, he takes a notion the salt may be in there, I guess. Anyway whatever his notion was he shifted it the next minute, for he'd

scarcely more'n got inside and nosed round a minute—I could hear him outside where I was at work—when all at once the rumpus broke forth—the calf a-blattin', and the cat squallin', and the hosses trampin' and surgin' back on their halters till I was afraid they'd fetch loose from the stalls.

"I got up to the door as quick's I could, and I was jest in time to see the calf and the cat come out of the barn doors. Bascom's girl had tied a ribbon round the calf's neck, and when the old cat made a jump for the critter's head she'd got one foot through that ribbon—jest 'nough to hold her so she couldn't git her foot out, but not 'nough to hinder her scratchin' a mite with the foot that was caught and all her other feet too!

"The way the cat was clawin' him, I don't reckon the calf could see a thing, but he had some sense of home some way, and after a whirl or two he p'inted for Bascom's with the cat still caught to him, scratchin' and squallin' and spit-tin', and she rode on his head till they come to them chokecherry bushes; when the calf charged into them head down he managed to free himself of the cat, and she come back to the barn to 'tend to her kittens.

"But the calf ain't been back," concluded Mr. Peaslee, "and I'll make a prophecy he ain't comin'. And when Bascom finds out the truth I'll bet he won't come neither, not with a lawyer anyway!"

A USEFUL PIE

IN his lively and interesting volume of reminiscences Mr. Edward Simmons, the distinguished artist, relates an incident of his first trip to California, which added to his natural and hearty appreciation of the great American pie. There are other American dishes more original than pie,—hasty pudding, chowder and baked beans, for example,—but our pie, the sublimated descendant of less appetizing tarts and pasties of Great Britain, is beyond doubt the most widely appreciated and most characteristically popular American dish. Since that is so, its less admirable employment as a fun maker in broad farce and "movie" comedy—commonly as a missile aimed at the human countenance—must be admitted to be American also. But Mr. Simmons shows that what is neither edifying nor of the highest art on the stage or the screen may be entirely beyond criticism in real life. Pie is designed for internal, not external, application; but there are exceptions to most rules.

At a mountain stop, says Mr. Simmons, I bought a large slab of custard pie. Beside the tracks was a cage on wheels in which lay a big female grizzly the owner of which was taking her to San Francisco to sell her. The man was nothing loath to explain his prowess in capturing such a fearsome beast, and we all crowded about, myself of course in the front row.

Looking at us while talking and gesticulating, he put his hand accidentally within the bars; thereupon the grizzly, which seemingly had been dozing, closed her mouth over his fingers and backed slowly to the rear of the cage, pulling his arm in with her. He whirled, fed his arm in between the bars and, quickly looking round, grabbed my pie and slapped the bear in the face with it.

Of course it splashed, and she immediately let go of him to lick her chops; but his hand came out with the mark of every tooth on the back of it. In spite of its lack of humor I truly believe that this is the original custard-pie story!

"AFTER YOU, MADAME"

QUEEN VICTORIA of England even in her fresh girlhood was no more than wholesome and pleasing in appearance; for the greater part of her long life she was indisputably dumpy and dowdy. The Empress Eugénie of France was a remarkably beautiful woman; she was graceful also and at times was impressively dignified. Yet she did not possess the serene, unconscious, everyday and all-day, truly royal dignity of the English queen, whose most hostile and least impressionable critics admitted that she was indeed "Her Majesty" in carriage and demeanor.

A warm admirer of the ex-empress has recently admitted that Eugénie could not help "fussing"; she found it hard to be oblivious of details better left to others. "I remember," her admirer has recorded, "that when Queen Victoria attended the opera in Paris during the Second Empire she walked straight to the front of the box and sat down without looking round to see what her ladies were or were not doing; whereas the empress could not refrain from indicating to both sets of ladies the special chairs they were to sit upon."

Long after the fall of the ill-fated French Empire the same writer had the opportunity of beholding the two sovereign ladies once more together and enacting a little scene of courtly comedy in which both shone, though Eugénie carried off the honors. It was at the conclusion of a concert at Balmoral, and Queen Victoria was of course the hostess. The other guests were all standing as etiquette required until the departure of royalty.

"I now had the chance of witnessing a wonderful bit of ritual. Arrived on the threshold while we common mortals stood rigid, the queen motioned the empress to pass before her; this the empress gracefully declined to do. They then curtsied low to each other. The movement of the queen, crippled though she then was, was

amazingly easy and dignified; but the empress, who was sixty-seven, made such an exquisite sweep down to the floor and up again all in one gesture that I can only liken it to a flower bent and released by the wind. They then passed together out of the door virtually shoulder to shoulder; but I believe, though far be it from my ignorance to dogmatize, that on such occasions the visiting sovereign is permitted to let the home sovereign lag about one inch behind.

"Thinking of that superb reverence of the empress's, which I am everlastingly grateful to have seen, I have reflected that every bone in her body must have been placed true in its socket to the millionth part of an inch; that her proportions must have been perfect, the fibre of her muscles and the texture of her skin of superb quality; and that this is probably what the word 'beauty' means. Otherwise so unbroken, so undulating was the motion that you could only explain it by what an old Irish servant remarked to a conspicuously active friend of mine, temporarily crippled with sciatica: 'To think of you like this—you that goes flourishing about as if you hadn't a bone in your body!'

SPANISH A LA DICTIONARY

SEVERAL young men who were preparing to go with a party of tourists to Porto Rico were, says a contributor, poring over books of "Spanish Self-Taught," laboriously acquiring a few of the phrases that they believed they might need. A companion who was to be of the party scoffed at them, however; he insisted that all anyone needed was an English-Spanish dictionary. That was enough for him!

After their arrival in San Juan the others purposely allowed the young man to become separated from them. After he had tramped about for some time he became hungry and entered a restaurant. A waiter put the bill of fare into his hand, and with the aid of his dictionary the tourist managed to study out the meaning of the names of several dishes that he liked. He indicated them on the bill of fare, and soon the waiter placed the food before him. The tourist congratulated himself. He guessed he could manage anywhere with a dictionary.

When he had finished eating the waiter did not for some reason hand him the bill at once. "Very well," thought the tourist, "all I have to do is ask, How much?"

Looking for the word "how," he found as a Spanish equivalent the word *como*. It is indeed true that *como* sometimes means "how," but it also means "I eat," or in the interrogative, "Do I eat?" Our friend did not know that; nor did he discover in his dictionary that in Spanish the question "How much?" is asked with only one word, *cuanto*.

When he had found the word for "much," he asked the waiter, "*Como mucho?*"

"*Bastante*," the fellow replied gravely.

Not knowing that instead of asking "How much?" he had asked "Do I eat much?" the tourist was quite at a loss to understand the significance of the waiter's reply even when by a search in his dictionary he found it to mean "enough."

THE SENTIMENTAL TELEGRAPH MESSAGE

LITERARY art is seldom employed in the composition of telegrams. But a writer in the London Express knows of a man who does aim at elegance in his telegraphic style, though with another purpose than the gratification of his own taste.

When the man is in the country, says the Express, he writes beautiful telegrams to his aunts in town on the least provocation. Here is a typical one:

"What pleasing prospect nature offers in evening eye delighted with distant groves fields meadows cows sheep soul soothed awed contemplation of infinite will you send on another twenty pounds temporarily short Henry."

And he usually gets it too!

THE DISILLUSIONED MAN

AMONG the fugitive pieces written by the late Sir Walter Raleigh, English scholar and man of letters, and collected in a book called *Laughter From a Cloud* are these charming though gently cynical lines. They are supposed to be the reflections of an elderly man who has just come home from a garden party:

I wish I loved the human race;
I wish I loved its silly face;
I wish I liked the way it walks;
I wish I liked the way it talks;
And when I'm introduced to one
I wish I thought, "What jolly fun!"

THE CROW WAS LUCKY TOO

A CATTLEMAN who was "riding range" near Roebourne, Australia, says Mr. W. D. Boyce in his book *Illustrated Australia and New Zealand*, picked up a stone to throw at a crow. At least he thought it was a stone, but the unusual weight of it made him stop and look; to his amazement the thing was a nugget of almost pure gold.

When he reported his discovery to an official the fellow, who was incredulous, merely asked, "And what became of the crow?"

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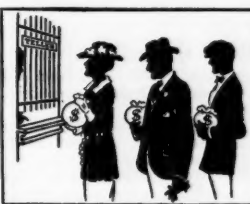


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There is fine symbolism in the fact that the Statue of Liberty is lighted by electricity.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC



\$10 For a Few Spare Hours

DO YOU want to earn \$10.00, \$25.00, \$50.00 or more this summer? We need men and women of refinement as representatives for The Youth's Companion in every community to send us new and renewal subscriptions. To such representatives

We offer liberal payment on an attractive commission and salary basis. We also supply a complete outfit without charge. You merely invest a few spare hours at your convenience.

Whether you have few or many spare hours, whether you wish to earn a small sum or would like to build up a profitable side business, we have a plan that will fit your needs. Be sure to send for particulars—there'll be no obligation.

JUST SEND YOUR ADDRESS on Coupon and receive our Spare Time Offer by return mail.

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Address _____

234
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THE YOUTH'S
COMPANION
Boston . . . Mass.

Dear Sir, I want to turn my spare time into dollars. Tell me how.



THE COMPANION RECEIPTS

These receipts are gathered from original sources in America, Europe and Asia, and are fully tested under the supervision of The Companion

Summer brings the need for dainty desserts, and some of the receipts given below are designed to "top off" the meal in a satisfying way:

ORANGE FOOD

6 oranges
1 cupful of sugar
baking soda
orange frosting
cherries

2 eggs
½ pint of whipped cream
sponge cake
lady fingers

Peel and carefully remove the skin from six large oranges. Cut them in slices and place them in a double boiler with a tiny pinch of baking soda and the sugar. Cook for twenty minutes; then press them through a sieve. Allow the mixture to become thoroughly chilled in the ice box and at serving time add the stiffly whipped whites of two eggs beaten with two teaspoonfuls of sugar. Then add the whipped cream very gradually. Arrange on a large round of sponge cake with lady fingers inclosing the sides and fastened in place with a little orange frosting. Each lady finger can be surmounted with a crystallized cherry.

FRANGIPANI CREAM

½ teaspoonful of orange flavoring
½ teaspoonful of vanilla
3 cupfuls of milk
½ cupful of sugar
sliced bananas

3 eggs
6 macaroons
sliced pineapple

Mix the milk, eggs and sugar and boil until the mixture is thick. When it is cold, add the orange and vanilla flavoring and the crushed macaroons. Cover with an equal amount of sliced bananas and sliced pineapple.

LEMON SPONGE PIE

1 heaping tablespoonful of butter
2 tablespoonfuls of flour
1 cupful of sugar
1 lemon
salt

2 eggs
1 cupful of milk

When you happen to have no baked pastry shells on hand and want a lemon pie that is "different" use the following receipt:

Cream the sugar and butter together, add a small pinch of salt, the yolks of two eggs and the juice and grated yellow rind of a lemon. Stir in two rounding tablespoonfuls of flour and a large cupful of milk; finally add the well whipped whites of the two eggs. Pour the mixture into a paste-lined pan and bake it until it is "set" and delicately browned on top.

ENGLISH TEA CAKES

1 pint of scalded milk
¼ cupful of sugar
¼ cupful of chopped citron
¼ cupful of cleaned currants
1 teaspoonful of cinnamon
¾ cupful of warm water

1 tablespoonful of butter
salt
1 yeast cake
1 cupful of sifted flour (measured after sifting)

In England the dough is mixed in the morning, and then the cakes are warm for "five-o'clock tea."

Put the hot milk and the sugar, salt and butter into a large mixing bowl. Dissolve the yeast in the warm water. When the milk is slightly warm, add the yeast. Add the cinnamon to the flour and then add the flour, citron and currants alternately to the mixture in the bowl. Mix well, either kneading the flour or cutting through the dough with a knife. Cover the mixture with a cloth and set the bowl in a warm place. When the dough has risen to double its size and is light and spongy round the edges, divide it into large even pieces. Knead the pieces slightly and shape them into flat cakes as large as a small saucer and not more than one and one half inches thick. Place them far enough apart so that when well risen they will not touch each other. When they have risen again to double their size, brush over the tops and sides with melted butter and bake them about twenty minutes in a hot oven.

When the cakes are baked, split them and spread them with melted butter. Serve them warm. If they become cold before using, they should be split and toasted before serving.

FRESH FISH BAKED IN CREAM

fresh fish
parsley
flour

cream
salt
paprika
buttered bread crumbs

Clean the fish thoroughly, and if it is large cut it into strips or filets. Dredge each fish or filet with flour seasoned with salt and paprika. Place them in a buttered baking dish and pour enough cream in to just cover the fish. Sprinkle a few buttered bread crumbs mixed with shredded parsley over the top; then cover and bake the

fish until it is done. Halibut is particularly appetizing when cooked this way.

LUNCHEON EGGS

2 cupfuls of hot mashed potatoes
¼ cupful of chopped meat nuts
½ teaspoonful of salt
1 tablespoonful of butter
5 tablespoonfuls of milk
1 can of pimentos

eggs
pepper
grated cheese

Beat into the mashed potatoes the salt, butter and milk. When the mixture is light and creamy, add the pimentos ground fine and the chopped nut meats. Butter individual baking dishes and put a portion of this into each. Make a hollow place in the centre of each dish and break an egg into each cavity. Sprinkle the portions with salt, pepper and grated cheese and bake until the whites of the eggs are set.

ASPARAGUS MELBA

asparagus tips
toast
eggs
salt

mayonnaise
cream
lemon juice
water

Rinse the asparagus tips and cook them in salted boiling water till they are tender. Drain them and serve on rounds of toasted bread, leaving a well in the centre of each portion. Place a halved hard-cooked egg white, which holds a spoonful of melba sauce, in each opening. To make the sauce, press the yolks of eggs through a sieve and add enough mayonnaise thinned with cream and lemon juice to make it creamy.

POTATO SALAD

1 pint of cold boiled new potatoes
1 pint of new peas
1 onion
boiled dressing

Cut the potatoes into squares. Add the peas, which have been cooked until they are tender and well drained. Grate one small onion into the boiled dressing and pour it over the salad.

BEAN SALAD WITH TOMATO JELLY

gelatin
salt
lettuce

tomato purée
Boston baked beans
mayonnaise dressing
French dressing

Make tomato jelly from the gelatin and the purée, well seasoned, and pour it into a ring mould. When it is cold and firm turn it out of the mould on a bed of freshly washed lettuce leaves. Fill the centre of the jelly ring with baked beans marinated with French dressing, and garnish the whole with the mayonnaise dressing. Cooked string beans can be used in place of baked beans, if that is preferred.

MAPLE-NUT CAKE

½ cupful of sugar; fill cup with maple syrup
¼ cupful of softened butter
1½ beaten eggs (1 whole egg and one yolk)
½ cupful of sour cream
1¼ cupfuls of sifted flour
1 level teaspoonful of soda, in the cream

Put all the ingredients into the cake bowl and beat hard for five minutes. Bake in two deep, well-greased cake pans.

To make the icing, boil two cupfuls of maple syrup until it hardens quickly in cold water. Have the egg white beaten very stiff; pour the syrup over it, beating constantly. When it looks creamy add one cupful of chopped marshmallows and one cupful of chopped nut meats. Beat again until it stiffens slightly; then use it for both filling and icing. Decorate the top with whole nut meats if desired.

SPAGHETTI CASSEROLE

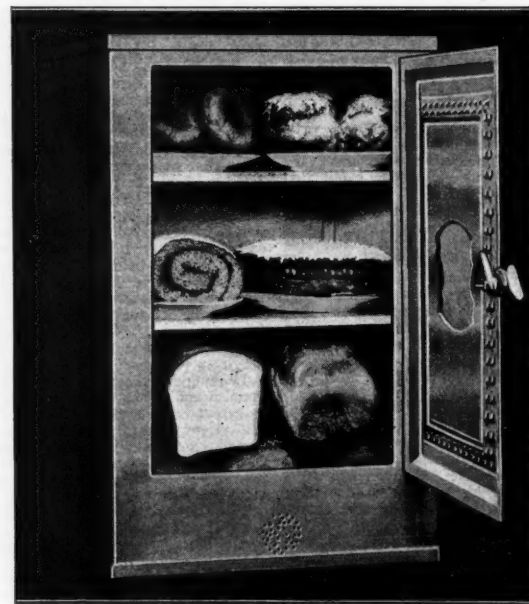
2 cupfuls of boiled spaghetti
1 pound of sausage
chopped apples

onions
green peppers
cabbage salad
buttered bread crumbs

Cover the bottom of a baking dish with the boiled spaghetti. Over it spread the sausage; then fill up the dish with chopped apples. Cover the whole with buttered crumbs and bake until the apple and sausage are thoroughly cooked. If the apples are rather dry, it may be necessary to add a little water. Onions, finely sliced, can be included in this dish, if desired. To serve, set the casserole on a platter or tray and accompany it with green peppers stuffed with cabbage salad. Prepare the peppers so as to destroy the bitter flavor, in this way: Slice off one end or if they are large cut them in half. After removing the seeds and inner white sections, throw them into hot water for ten minutes. Drain them and pour cold water over them until they are completely chilled. When drained free of all moisture, they are ready for the filling.

HOME COMFORT BREAD AND CAKE CABINET

OUR aim is always to select practical and useful articles to be given as awards for securing new subscriptions: therefore in offering the Home Comfort Bread and Cake Cabinet we know our choice will be indorsed by hundreds of subscribers who will receive the cabinet in payment for their services in introducing The Youth's Companion into homes where it is not now taken.



HOME BREAD AND CAKE CABINET

This cabinet has been manufactured for a number of years and has always appealed to the housewife, not only for its attractive appearance, but for its value in keeping the contents pure and sweet.

The cabinet offered is 20 inches high, 13½ inches wide, 11 inches deep, and made of high-grade galvanized steel with an aluminum finish, which will neither rust nor corrode. There are two shelves which can be removed for cleaning—or the whole cabinet can be taken apart and put together again in a few minutes.

The cabinet is strictly sanitary. There is no possibility of rust or corrosion. No rats, mice or other vermin can get into it, and it is so ventilated that there is always a circulation of air through it. Bread kept in the Home Cabinet will keep longer and better than in any other receptacle.

WHAT ACTUAL USERS SAY

"Your Home Comfort Cabinets are well named. We stand it in the cellar in summer time and in the winter it is placed in the pantry. Everybody admires it, and it certainly keeps our eatables in fine condition. No spiders, flies or other vermin can get into it and it is so easy to clean. I wouldn't be without it at three times the price."

"Your cabinet is by far the best

looking article in my kitchen and I am very proud of it. I am well satisfied with it in every way, and I know I will get just as much comfort out of it as I did my old one, which I had for so many years."

"I have one of your cabinets and like it very much. It was given to me as a wedding present. Kindly write me what they cost as I have two friends who would like to have one."

How to Get the Bread and Cake Cabinet

OFFER No. 1

Send us \$1.25 with one new six months' (26 issues) subscription for The Youth's Companion with \$1.00 extra and we will send you the Home Comfort Bread and Cake Cabinet.

OFFER No. 2

Send us \$2.50 with one new yearly (52 issues) subscription for The Youth's Companion with 65 cents extra and we will send you the Home Comfort Bread and Cake Cabinet.

The cabinet is collapsible and will be sent by express or parcel post, charges to be paid by the receiver. If parcel-post shipment is desired, ask your postmaster how much postage you should send for a 13-lb. package. Shipped either from St. Paul, Minn., or Boston, Mass.

NOTE. This cabinet is given only to a present Companion subscriber to pay him for introducing the paper into a home where it has not been taken the past year.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS



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The Youth's Companion
Commonwealth Avenue and St. Paul Street, Boston, Mass.

HAY FEVER

IT was an Englishman, a Dr. Bostock, that first described about a hundred years ago an affection marked by sneezing, profuse watery discharge from the nose and conjunctivitis and recurring at about the same time each year and always in the haying season. Because of its seasonal occurrence he called the affection hay fever. Since that time we have learned that a similar annual visitation may come to different people at different periods of the summer, to some early, to some late, and not in all cases does it coincide with haying. But the name has been popularized and will probably remain.

Hay fever, like many of the cases of asthma, is owing to what is called "protein idiosyncrasy," though the protein is of vegetable origin, whereas in asthma it is more frequently of animal origin. The malady is caused by the pollen of certain grasses and weeds; some persons are susceptible to the pollen of one species of plant; some are susceptible to the pollen of others. The spring variety of hay fever, often called rose cold, is owing to the pollen of various grasses or grains, often rye. The more common late summer form is caused by the wind-blown pollen of numerous weeds, most frequently ragweed and goldenrod.

The attack begins with a tickling in the nose, followed in a day or two by violent paroxysms of sneezing and a profuse watery discharge. At the same time the eyes water, often itch intolerably and are sensitive to light. There is itching also in the roof of the mouth and at the sides of the throat. After the trouble has lasted for some time a troublesome cough or, what is worse, asthma may follow. The attack can be prevented if the sufferer finds refuge in a place where "his particular variety" of pollen is not present.

The specific treatment is much like that of asthma. Tests are made with extracts of the various pollens, and when the special offender is discovered a vaccine is made from it and injected in small doses so as to produce immunity. In some cases brilliant cures are thus effected, but in other cases the vaccine has failed, possibly because the patient was sensitive to more than one variety of pollen.

A PAIR OF SHOES

OF the eighteen months that Mrs. Marguerite Harrison, an American newspaper correspondent, passed in Russia in 1920 she spent ten in prison. But before the Bolsheviks suspected and imprisoned her she was able to be of service to other unfortunate prisoners; she acted as an agent both of charitable individuals and of the Red Cross. The prisoners were miserably fed, and her chief care was to send them food; but occasionally they appealed for other necessities, chiefly clothing. Her money was limited, and she had to buy with careful consideration.

"On one occasion," she relates in her interesting narrative, "Marooned in Moscow, 'a prisoner asked for shoes without stating the size. As new shoes were utterly beyond my purse, I bought a pair of secondhand ones for twenty-six thousand rubles. To my chagrin they were returned to me the next day; they were too small. I had no money to purchase another pair; so there was nothing left for me to do but to go to the *Souk-harévka* (market place), sell my shoes and buy a second pair with the money that I received."

"I went early in the morning and stood in line in the shoe market, holding my goods in one hand, displayed to the public. Pretty soon a man came along and offered me fifteen thousand rubles. I told him I would not sell for less than twenty-five thousand. Then another man offered me seventeen thousand. I held off for a higher price. Presently a small crowd began to gather; each man overbid the other by a thousand rubles or so until I was finally offered twenty-five thousand rubles, which I accepted. Then the first bidder offered me twenty-seven thousand."

"I've already sold the shoes," I said.

"That doesn't make any difference," he replied. "I'm offering you more."

"That isn't the way we do business in America," I answered.

"Thereupon he grabbed one of the shoes, and I hit him over the head with the other. At that juncture I saw a militiaman sauntering up in the

distance and decided it was high time for me to disappear. I snatched the shoe from my opponent, thrust both into the hands of the man who had offered me twenty-five thousand rubles, grabbed the money and vanished into the crowd. After that I found a very good pair of larger shoes for twenty-four thousand rubles; so I came out even on the transaction."

Although it can hardly be said that the final stages of the little affair were carried out in "the way we do business in America," no one will dispute that they were entirely to the credit of a spirited American business woman.

THE FLAG OF TRUCE

CARRYING a flag of truce into the enemy lines is not always easy. The first task is to find something white, for armies are not likely to be well supplied with white flags. Once when Col. Theodore Lyman, an aid at General Meade's headquarters during the Civil War, was ordered to carry letters into the Confederate lines he was obliged to use a white pillowcase; General Hancock's shirt, the only other white cloth about, narrowly escaped being pressed into service! At another time the colonel set out with a bugler and a tall sergeant bearing Gen. Seth Williams's new damask tablecloth on a staff. In his recently published letters Colonel Lyman describes how the truce was received:

After some difficulties we reached the lines, and presently the flag bearer, who kept an extremely bright lookout, said, "There's one of 'em!" and immediately waved the emblem in a truly conscientious manner. I looked and in an open field beyond saw a single Grayback looking dubiously at us with his rifle ready for any emergency. I told the bugler to blow a parley, which he did in very good style, while I advanced to call to the solitary sentry; but the effect of the bugle was most marvelous, quite as when "He whistled shrill, and he was answered from the hill."

In an instant a line of seventy-five men rose as if out of the ground. They were the enemy pickets, who had been concealed in little holes dug in the slope of the gentle hill. One of them laid down his musket and came forward when I asked for an officer; whereat he touched his hat and returned to fetch one. Then came a red-faced captain, who received my dispatch and a bundle of letters from Confederate prisoners and promised a speedy answer.

AN EMBARRASSING MOMENT

THERE is an amusing story concerning an earnest young clergyman of New York. His name was Wilson, and he was assistant to Dr. W. S. Rainsford, who tells the anecdote in his autobiography.

Wilson, says Dr. Rainsford, was a conscientious visitor and greatly enjoyed that part of his work. Among the names he found on his visiting list was Potter. He thought rather vaguely that he had heard the name as belonging to an actress—the bishop's niece was an admired actress at that time. He went to the house and entered a charming home; the hostess greeted him kindly. But nothing about the place suggested the theatre.

In time the conversation turned to matters of religion, and Wilson asked whether the good lady's husband attended any church regularly.

"He is a great churchgoer," she replied, "but he wanders round a good deal."

Wilson suggested that it might be better to settle on one church, but the lady said that he must call again and talk that matter over with her husband himself.

When Wilson called again he was introduced to—Henry C. Potter, his bishop!

NEATNESS ABOVE EVERYTHING

IT takes some time for the strictness of military training to overcome the ordinary inhibitions of everyday existence. Soldiers who are not such by profession for a long time find it hard to think otherwise than they were accustomed to think as men of peace.

At Shoeburyness, England, during the intensive artillery training that was carried on there in the course of the war a live shell fell in the mud in the midst of a class of young gunners. "Lie down, men," shouted the instructor, but no one moved. Fortunately the shell did not explode. When it had been rendered harmless the officer asked the young fellows why they had not obeyed orders; they might all have been blown to pieces.

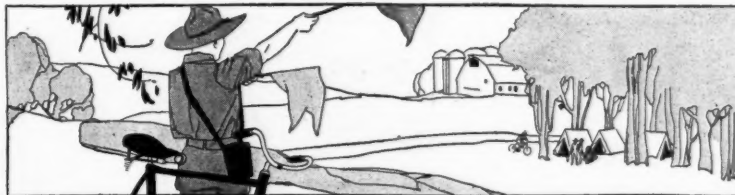
One of them faltered out: "Well, sir, you see it was so muddy."

A PRINCELY SETTLEMENT

THE "gallery gods" of the London theatres are never afraid to offer humorous comments on what is happening on the stage.

I once attended a theatre in London, says a writer in the *Argonaut*, on the occasion of the production of a play wherein the chief figure, the king, aged and infirm, was blessed with two sons. He was passing up and down the stage with a wearied look, exclaiming aloud: "On which of these my sons shall I bestow my crown?"

And then there came a voice from the gallery: "Why not 'arf a crown apiece, guv'ner?"



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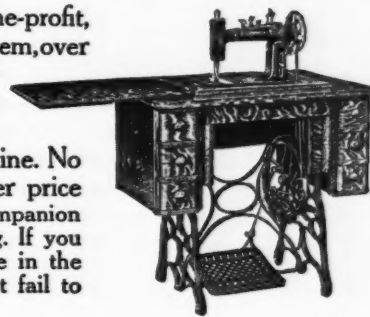
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PERRY MASON COMPANY
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Town and State



WITH ordinary soap, the rompers and stockings of creeping children must be rubbed—very hard, and probably boiled! P and G will wash them clean and fresh with only light rubbing between the hands. They wear longer this way, and don't fade.



SOAKING with P and G, in lukewarm water, and light rubbing between the hands, will clean cuff-edges and neckbands of men's shirts. This method lengthens "shirt-lives" and preserves freshness and whiteness.

Snow-white linen at home promotes good manners abroad

WHEN a mother is hostess to her children's friends, she quickly notices any carelessness or breach of good manners among her little guests.

When her own children are guests, it is encouraging to realize that she has done her best to prevent such occurrences. And part of that "best" is to see that they are brought up with snowy-clean things—like tablecloths, napkins and bed-spreads. Children thus trained to careful habits are less likely to cause their mothers embarrassment when away from home.

You should choose the soap

If your washing does not now come out pure white every week, the trouble may lie with the soap—not with the laundress at all.

Just any soap can't produce pure white clothes, even when used by a good laundress. You should select the soap, carefully.

There is one soap that is producing pure white clothes for millions of families every week—P and G The White Naphtha Soap.

With P and G, "average" laundresses have been transformed into good laundresses; good laundresses have progressed to fine laundresses.

There is no mystery about this. P and G possesses certain unique properties. These properties endow it with power to wash clean, to act upon dirt without injuring fabrics or colors, to rinse out thoroughly, leaving no traces of soap or soapy odor. It is a cleansing soap—not a strong soap.

New whiteness Colors safe

Watch the steady improvement in the appearance of your clothes after you have changed to P and G—it will come without fail. By the third or fourth washing, your

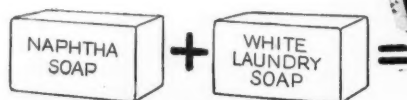
clothes should noticeably approach their original, new whiteness, with their colors fresh and unharmed.

Furthermore, while P and G is keeping your clothes white, it will be making an enthusiastic convert of your laundress. With P and G she will need to boil less often and to rub less hard. Her time and energy will both be conserved.

Is it any wonder that this remarkable soap has become the largest selling laundry and household soap in America?

PROCTER & GAMBLE

Not merely a naphtha soap,
Not merely a white laundry soap,
But the best features of both, combined.



Speed + Safety

